Week ending September 30 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

A husband tells frankly how

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS SAVED OUR MARRIAGE

—the case histories of an unhappy man and his wife

★ **TRUE STORIES** from an Insurance Man's Notebook

The woman who went away

AMONG MY POLICYHOLDERS is a nice little woman in Leopold Road. She held a policy on her father's life and paid the premiums like clockwork.

Then, quite suddenly, she disappeared.

Her neighbour wasn't much help. She'd left no message except to say her father was ill.

After a time I began to get worried on her behalf. Her unpaid premiums were piling up. I decided to ask Head Office to help.

They soon got busy. Some days later the missing woman had been traced to her father's home in Bradford. Our local agent contacted her and collected the unpaid premiums, which in her anxiety she had overlooked.

A month later, back at Leopold Road, she told me her father had died and thanked me for the trouble we had taken to find her so that the policy on her father's life was fully maintained.

Her gratitude when I settled her claim made me proud to be part of an organisation which contributes so much to human happiness and security and spares no pains to protect the interests of its policyholders.

★ *'Leopold Road' is an imaginary address, and the photograph was not posed by the people concerned, but the story is fact, not fiction. It is from the files of one of these Insurance Offices, which have spread the benefits of insurance throughout the community.*

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EDITORIAL

Cutting the cost of our official "voice"

AT A COST OF £15,000,000 a year *you* are advertised abroad and instructed and exhorted at home by your Government and Civil Service.

The Government Information Services, as they are collectively called, have become an industry employing thousands of people who produce books, news, radio programmes, films, lectures and advertisements.

Eleven million pounds' worth is for export only. At home we get the other £4,000,000's worth, in such forms as Ministry of Food announcements in the newspapers, and posters telling us that it is dangerous to be careless on the roads.

Is all this effort and expenditure necessary, and do we, the taxpayers, really get value for our money?

For years, controversy has raged round this question. Much of it is political—that is, opposition parties use the cost of Government publicity as a stick to beat the Government.

But there is also genuine disquiet about the Information Services; a feeling that perhaps they are not as useful and effective as they might be, and that some of their targets are hardly worth hitting.

The principal reason for the great scale of Government publicity at home is the arrival of the Welfare State, with the social services and the apparatus of rationing and controls.

WHEN the State—not just the Government of the day, but the permanent machine which rules us whichever Ministers may come and go—is as deeply involved in our daily lives as it is now, it must have recognized ways of talking to us.

This is not a new idea—it dates back to ancient times, when Government Information Services were represented by the King's heralds, who blew their trumpets in public places and thereupon announced His Majesty's desires and intentions.

In these democratic days the State has not only to tell the people what to do, but to explain why they ought to do it.

Which at once raises the question, "*Who* will issue the Press statements, write the advertisements, and be responsible for seeing that the essential Government information reaches all the people?"

Clearly, this cannot be a spare-time job for Ministers. The Food Minister, for example, cannot drop everything else to draft an announcement about a change in the bacon ration. Moreover, expert knowledge of the Press, radio, films and publishing industries is necessary.

To meet this need for greater contact between State and citizen—a need which became acute and continuous during the war—large staffs of skilled people have been built up, some in the various Departments, and some in the Central Office of Information.

On the whole, most people would agree that we get results from this set-up. Certainly, we all seem to learn the essential facts about our food and our social service commitments without much trouble.

But it is a patchwork set-up. Those who prefer tidy planning of activity can find plenty to criticize; especially about the various ways in which money is found for Government publicity, and the consequent difficulty experienced by Parliament in keeping a close check on how much is spent, and where, and why.

THEN there is Government publicity abroad—mostly by radio. This is one front in the cold war, and has been forced on us by the menace from beyond the Iron Curtain.

When your potential enemy believes in radio propaganda and pumps it out in every language every day, it is necessary to counter him. Hence the vast scale of the B.B.C.'s Overseas Services, which carry British news and views over the air to the whole world, and especially to those countries where we are blackguarded most violently by the Russians.

There is a direct purpose in this kind of propaganda, and no sensible person grudges its cost.

What is less obviously useful in hard times is the mass of material sent out to the overseas Press in the vague hope of making foreigners more aware of Britain and her merits.

Another weak spot is Government-sponsored film making, done in a scattered and haphazard way rather than with real skill or purpose.

Here is the test which should now be applied to all this Government "information"—will it convey essential information to people at home, or will it either counter our enemies or sell our exports abroad?

If not, its cost must be queried—unless it can be justified on some special grounds.

We cannot afford to waste money on vague or inessential "publicity." Results must in future be the test of any Government Information Service's survival.

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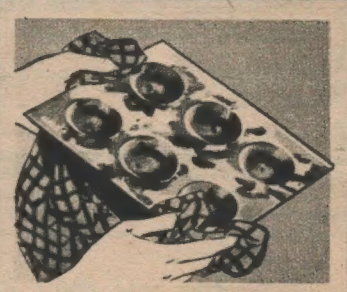
. . . things had gone wrong all morning—then *this!* No wonder I was near to tears when I gazed at my . . .



. . . scorched cake tin—for I'd a whole party-baking still to do! Then I spied Vim and suddenly I was humming a tune!

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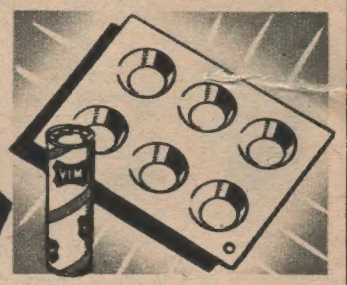

For, reassuring as ever, good old Vim's *smoother, faster touch* soon had the situation in hand!"

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SEPTEMBER 30, 1950 VOL. 88 No. 2309 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

How do you tell a child about God?

RECENTLY I HAVE BEEN entertaining two schoolgirls about fourteen years of age. The questions they asked me put me "on the spot," because I could not give them satisfactory answers.

For instance, one asked: how could one be sure there *was* a God; how could one be sure He made Heaven and Earth; how do we *know* He made man; and, if God *did* exist, how long ago was it that the earth was formed?

It made me wonder if the Scripture lessons in our schools were being tackled by the right people and in the right way. I *know* God exists, but how to make those two inquiring minds satisfied with my answers was above and beyond me—and I admit it with shame.—JANE WILLIAMS, 3 Granville Street, Abertillery, Mon.

Now For The True "Gen"

MANY EX-R.A.F. TYPES will read with interest JOHN BULL'S new series, *The Embry Escape*. I was on the staff of H.Q. No. 2 Group and well remember the signal reporting that Embry had been shot down and the excitement in the group later when news of his escape came through. At the time there were several versions of the manner of his escape going around, but no one seemed to have the complete story.

Now, after ten years, we will be able to read this inspiring story in full.—EX-SERGEANT NEWLING, R.A.F.V.R., Foxton, Cambridge.

. . . Judging from the expression on the face of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry in the photograph (JOHN BULL, September 2), I would say he has a strong sense of humour as well as a "damned-if-I'll-be-beaten" will-power. —J. E. KITSON, 66 Hanley Road, Sneyd Green, Stoke-on-Trent.

A French Marine Replies

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART says in his article, "A Frank Talk With The French Army's Chief" (JOHN BULL, September 2) that high-ranking generals might be too optimistic. I agree. It seems to me that they forget one main thing: the enemy is already among us French people. A new fifth column is at work.

I am a French marine and have travelled a lot in the last six months. Communists are far more numerous here than in Great Britain. They are everywhere, working in arms factories, railways, even in some Ministries. They still have the guns and ammunition they laid hands on during the last war. They are ready to fight at the least move we may make, and the worst is that some of them are in the Services, spying upon us. If war broke out, France would no longer be safe. I confess we should have to fight our own countrymen. In this respect, we regulars desperately need strong material help from Great Britain and U.S.A., and also their friendship.—J. V., Toulon.

. . . There are still in Germany extensive groups of people who see the fulfilment of their life in wearing a uniform, bossing people around and fighting wars with little thought of who employs them and little interest in the cause they are supposed to defend. A new German army composed of such men would do great psychological harm and be of no decisive value to Western defence. But German volunteers should be allowed to join Western armies if the need arises. I am no pacifist; I love freedom more than Soviet peace. I am ready to fight for freedom, but never again in a German uniform, never again under a German command, never again in a German *Wehrmacht*. — H. THOMAS, 125 Bramfelderstr., Hamburg.

Free Kick Against Talking

NEVER DURING THE THIRTY YEARS that I have watched football has there been so much talking by players on the field as now. It seems that a soccer player's prime qualification is the ability to keep up a ceaseless stream of comment. I have watched young and brainy footballers, who know how to start promising movements, have their confidence shattered by parrot-like colleagues shouting: "Over here, Charlie" or "Let *me* have it, Charlie." Talking on the field should be classed as ungentlemanly conduct and penalized by a free kick.—A. C., Southampton.

How To Catch Mice

WHEN WE HAD A sudden plague of mice recently I tried setting traps but seldom caught any. Then I blocked up all their holes—but they only made fresh ones. Finally I blocked up all the holes save one and set two traps unbaited outside the hole in such a

way that any mouse trying to get into the room would have to climb over one of the traps. It worked. I caught thirteen mice in fourteen days. Then, after a week without success, I blocked up the hole and we are now mice-free.—F. CURRIE, Lennards Corner, Exmouth.

Parents Who Looked Ahead

THE LETTER FROM "PARENT, Yorkshire" ("Free Speech," September 9), left me puzzled. After the child has done so well in gaining her scholarship, the parent complains of having to foot the bill for school clothing. No mention is made of the benefit the child will get from her schooling. Our son, too, won a place at grammar school. By forethought we were prepared for his clothing expense. When he began school at the age of five he joined the "school bank," each week putting in a sixpence or a shilling. We increased it a little around the time he sat for his scholarship, just to be prepared. "Parent, Yorkshire," should remember that there are thousands of parents only too willing to make the necessary sacrifices if their children won a scholarship.—"CONTENT," Newcastle-on-Tyne.

. . . I've just completed seven years at a grammar school and I feel that "Parent, Yorkshire," has deliberately given the illusion of expense. Shoes, raincoat, blazer, and so on, can be worn *out* of school as well as in.—EX-SCHOOLBOY, Barnsley.

The Friendly Italians

BEFORE setting out on a motor-cycling holiday to Italy we had heard unfavourable reports about that country — reports of petty pilferers and black marketeers. Instead we received hospitality everywhere we went. Whenever we needed a guide to direct us to a suitable restaurant or camping place, we seldom proceeded without a regiment of excited reconnaissance "troops," volubly talking and gesticulating, each one in keen competition with the other. At one restaurant where we had difficulty in interpreting the menu, we were escorted behind the scenes to an industrious kitchen where a pleasant, round-faced cook insisted on raising the lids of the pans, until the kitchen was filled with a delicious odour, the pungency of which made our stomachs roll in sheer contemplation. On this recommendation we had our fill.—PETER COX, 27 Ewart Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham.

Peter Cox (right)

Why They Won't Sign On

I AGREE WITH YOUR editorial, "Conscription, Alone, Will Not Meet Our Peril" (JOHN BULL, September 2), about the need to make the Services more attractive. But you ignore the part that women play in this business. I believe the majority of men leave the Navy, for instance, after completing their first twelve years, because their wives ask them. Mothers, wives and sweethearts object to the long separation when their men are sent abroad. I suggest that foreign commissions should be shortened and pensions made larger. When I joined the Navy thirty years ago, there was no shortage of recruits. Men cheerfully signed on for another ten years after their first twelve because the pension then was worth it.—JESSE PEARCE, 106 Copnor Road, Portsmouth.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS L. MAYS, the cover artist, says this picture is based on a programme design he did for the repertory company at Amersham, in Buckinghamshire. "I worked with them for ten or twelve years," he says, "and in that time they discovered several actors who have become well known, including Dirk Bogarde. They made their own scenery and also wrote and produced original pantomimes."

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But what a man is brother Jack
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for happy stomachs

I used to curse that man

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Psycho-analysis saved our marriage

ANONYMOUS

My wife and I quarrelled constantly and had lost most of the joy of life together. I thought I was in love with another woman. Then I found out what was wrong

John Bull photograph by Arthur Whittington

"The gas terrified me. I felt violent and I might hit out. Instead, a wonderful thing happened"

OUR MARRIAGE BROKE DOWN four years ago. I thought I was in love with another woman. I was thirty-four; my wife thirty-one. We had a son and a daughter, aged six and four. We had a house and a car. In fact, we had all the worldly possessions necessary for a happy life. But my wife and I quarrelled constantly; and even before the other woman came into our lives we had lost most of the pleasure in each other's company, both generally and in an intimate sense.

When she first realized what had happened to us, it affected my wife's health. A few months later, she seemed all right but then I became ill. I had not left my wife, because deep down I could not see a future with the other woman if that meant my wife was going to remain unhappy and not completely well. So we continued living together; but neither of us could be either really happy or well. In fact, we were living in a marital hell. Neither of us wanted fundamentally to break up our home and destroy our children's background; on the other hand, there seemed no end to our misery. What were we to do?

I was in the throes of a nervous breakdown when an acquaintance suggested I visit his uncle, a London psycho-analyst. I knew nothing then about psycho-analysis or psychology in general. But the acquaintance gave me some confidence by explaining that he had come out of a concentration camp a complete wreck in 1945 and was now completely fit, mentally, emotionally and physically, after treatment by his uncle.

The first time I stood on the doctor's doorstep and waited for the door to open, I looked across at the high building opposite and shuddered; the height frightened me. My limbs twitched; my muscles were taut. I thought: What if he is not in? Then the door opened and a secretary showed me into the waiting-room.

There Was No Sign Of Hypnotism

Dr. Borton (I call him that, although, of course, it is not his real name) did not keep me waiting. He was a tall, quietly spoken man with a homely face. There was nothing hypnotic about his eyes. To judge by his appearance, he might have been an ordinary general practitioner or a schoolteacher. His consulting room was like any tastefully furnished small living-room. Three armchairs. Some full bookshelves and a desk. Logs were blazing on the fire. In addition there was a divan; it was bare of cushions and over it was a bright light, catching in its sidelight an oil painting of a wooded landscape.

At the head of the couch there was a portable gas apparatus, as used by dentists. Dr. Borton's nephew had prepared me for this, explaining that his uncle's patients usually took gas while lying on the couch; in this way, he claimed, the person being psycho-analysed could more easily express his deeper subconscious thoughts and feelings.

I did not lie on the divan during my first visit. Instead, Dr. Borton listened for an hour to my outpouring of self-pity, my tale of woe, about my wife, the other woman, my feelings which were no longer of spontaneous love for my wife. Several times during my discourse he nodded or smiled sympathetically. But when I had finished he commented: "What you have told me is really superfluous. What you have to do is to find out *why* you reacted to your situation as you have done and *why* you feel like

Continued on page 22

The facts of this true story have been fully checked. It is presented here as a matter of general interest. The opinions expressed are the writer's, and the methods used by the doctor, although accurately described, are not necessarily endorsed or recommended.—EDITOR.

Forgotten man who rules a nation

by ROBERT JACKSON

No one gave a thought to the inscrutable Liaquat Ali Khan when Pakistan was being created. Maybe he did not even think of himself. But now he sits at the top, with all the power in his strong hands. He has had enough of playing second fiddle

THE MOSLEM NAWAB WAS reclining in an easy chair smoking a cigarette as indifferently as only a wealthy Easterner can in the presence of someone poorer. "What do you care for the sufferings of the poor?" exploded his visitor, who was as shabby as an ungroomed elephant. "You Moslem leaders are all alike. You sit at home in your palaces enjoying the good things of life. All you can do for our poor suffering brethren is to exploit them."

Unmoved by the outburst, the Nawab took another puff and elegantly flicked the ash from his lapel. "My dear friend," he said quietly, "calm yourself. Go home and think quietly. Never reach conclusions in a hurry. Come back after you have reflected and tell me you do me an injustice when you say I do not care about the sufferings of the poor."

Keep calm. Think things out. Do not be hasty. The former Nawab of Karnal, better known to the world today as Liaquat Ali Khan, first and only Prime Minister of Pakistan, has been doing all these things most of his life.

Liaquat's enemies have called him heartless. "That buffalo," I once heard a quick-tempered Indian say. "What does he know about our struggles for freedom?" The attack was quite unjustified. Liaquat knows a great deal but, unlike many of his countrymen, he has always been able to view the struggles of the masses from the window of his comfortable house or a well-upholstered car.

Descendant Of A Persian King

He was born, one might say, on an elephant's back. Five hundred years ago, his forefathers, the descendants of a famous Persian king called The Just, emigrated to India where they bought estates and built fine houses not many miles from Delhi. The exiles prospered and in time became the Nawabs of a Punjab district (a nawab is the Moslem equivalent of a Hindu maharajah). So Liaquat in his turn was called Nawabzada or Nawab's son, and enjoyed all the advantages of a rich inheritance: a pampered childhood, an Oxford education, a call to the Inner Temple and a life of ease after his return to India.

Little in Liaquat's early days singled him out from the scores of talented young Indians who were dreaming of the day when they would throw off the British yoke. He lacked the crusading zeal of Gandhi, the fire of Nehru, the ruthlessness of Patel and the bitterness of Jinnah. He did not pretend to be in the same sort of class. "You don't make martyrs out of fat men like me," Liaquat is once reported to have said. (He is not actually fat, but has a well-rounded middle-aged figure.)

In India's fight for freedom, Liaquat never saw the inside of a jail and never made one of those wild speeches so beloved by his contemporaries. Although a barrister, he was never to be found springing to the defence of patriots in the courts but passed his days in the United Provinces Legislative Assembly, where his reputation as a solid Moslem Leaguer grew.

He Built Up The Moslem League

Congress Indians sneered in 1947, when Partition of India was a certainty: "Where will Pakistan's ministers come from?" Well, there was Jinnah, a government in himself if need be. "And after Jinnah?" they said to me. "There's simply no one else except Maulana Azad [a leading Moslem in Congress] and if you think he's going to leave us to join this absurd Pakistan, you're crazy." Nobody thought of the plump, patient, inscrutable Liaquat, who since 1936 had built the Moslem League into a formidable instrument upon which the redoubtable Jinnah was to play many a merry tune. Perhaps Liaquat did not even think of himself.

Jinnah was the father of Pakistan, the sole begetter, the *Quaid-i-Azam*, or Great Leader, as he came to be called in his later days. True, Jinnah did not care to worry overmuch about details, but the creator of a nation cannot do everything himself. He was satisfied to surround himself with a band of "yes-men" to see that his general ideas took legs and shape.

But, when Pakistan was born Jinnah kept the two top jobs for himself and Liaquat. The last Viceroy, Mountbatten, had hoped to become governor-general of both India and Pakistan, but Jinnah turned down the proposal. "I myself shall be the first governor-general of Pakistan, your excellency," he suavely told Mountbatten. Jinnah made Liaquat Prime Minister, but gave him responsibility without power, and asked him to do all sorts of awkward jobs in those first few turbulent months.

The orthodox Moslems were restive because they saw no evidence that Jinnah would turn Pakistan into a religious state—in private, Jinnah was a sceptic. Liaquat pacified them. There was talk of bribery in the Provinces. Liaquat investigated. An angry crowd demonstrated outside Jinnah's house during the massacres that followed Partition. Jinnah sent his faithful henchman to face them—though on this occasion Liaquat was howled down, and in the end Jinnah had to go himself.

The Benevolent Uncle Takes Over

When Jinnah died in 1948, panic took hold of Pakistan. The shock of his death was so great that the cliques that had muttered against his iron control closed their ranks. There was frightened talk that the Hindus would seize the chance to reclaim Pakistan.

The *Quaid* had believed in leading for the day, and letting Allah take care of the morrow. The present governor-general, Al Haj Khwaja Nazimuddin, once confided to me in Karachi: "I don't think the *Quaid* ever intended that I should succeed him as governor-general. I don't believe he had ever given a thought to the matter. That was his way."

But if Jinnah was Pakistan's father, Liaquat by this time had been accepted as the benevolent uncle, useful and dependable. The Prime Minister in Jinnah's day might be no more than the executive chief but, when Jinnah died, Liaquat automatically became head man of the family. In the two years he has been running Pakistan, Liaquat has made mistakes. But one mistake he has not made is to allow any position to become more powerful than his own. He has had enough of playing second fiddle.

Occasionally, especially in his first days of real power, Liaquat acted with a dictator's ruthlessness. There was the lamentable case of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*, Kipling's old newspaper. When it was touch and go whether the Kashmir fighting would spread and engulf all India, the *Gazette* said Liaquat was ready to do a deal with India. The suggestion outraged Pakistan public opinion and was indignantly denied. The newspaper apologized, but Liaquat still punished the *Gazette* by suppressing it for three months, and shrugged off all protests.

On other occasions he showed weakness that could have been due, on the charitable view, to his own unsureness. Moslem politicians in some provinces are as wily a bunch as you can find anywhere in the East, and they made loud protests when Jinnah, to forestall public scandal, ruled at the beginning that as much power as possible should remain at the Centre. But the restrictions and safeguards imposed did not always protect the public treasury. In Sind, for instance, a couple of Prime Ministers had to be dismissed for malpractices and manipulations, and, in other places, the municipal smells were about as savoury as an Indian street market.

Soon after Jinnah's death, manoeuvres for patronage in West Punjab began, and Governor-General Khwaja Nazimuddin, acting for Pakistan's good name, threw out the Moslem League controlled government of the province. "Public life has been demoralized," he lamented.

A trusted English governor, Sir Francis Mudie, who had stayed on in Pakistan's service after Partition, was asked to govern. Soon, the clamour of the displaced and impoverished "boys" against Sir Francis began. Liaquat looked into the wild allegations bandied about and said at once in public that Sir Francis had "discharged his onerous duties loyally and faithfully." All the same, Mudie resigned a short time afterwards. Exactly what happened after Liaquat's publicly-expressed confidence in the governor has never been revealed. But the general view is that the "boys" informed Liaquat, without any obscure and flowery passages of Eastern rhetoric, that if Mudie did not go, Liaquat could whistle for Moslem League support in the important West Punjab.

No One Dares Challenge Him Now

Liaquat, who boasts that he thinks not in his mother-tongue of Urdu, or in the Arabic or Persian which he speaks well, but in English, can understand and readily appreciate such bluntness. But he is more firmly in the saddle now, and it is doubtful whether anyone in Pakistan dare talk to him in the same sort of words.

In his quiet, earnest way, Liaquat is trying to turn his essentially backward agricultural country as quickly as he can into an industrial nation; but he is starting from scratch and meets all sorts of unexpected, maddening difficulties. As I walked from one of his Press conferences in Pakistan's Parliament Building recently, I found a noisy procession, perhaps 500 strong, marching past and shouting insults at the government. The Assembly was in session at the time, and members rushed to the balconies to see what was going on. Armed guards were turned out and at any moment I expected the shooting to start.

"Don't worry," said the Pakistani I was with. "All that has happened is that the Government's

Liaquat Ali Khan and wife. He speaks Urdu, Arabic and Persian. But he thinks in English

Grade B clerks have downed tools again. Liaquat has insisted that they take a typewriting examination before they get a pay increase, and the clerks refuse. I expect they'll be on strike for a week or two." And they were.

Liaquat runs his government efficiently, but there is little money left over for other things when they have paid the fighting men now standing on guard up in Kashmir. The result is that Liaquat, who is Defence Minister as well as Prime Minister, works twice as hard as anybody else in the government, except Finance Minister Ghulam Mohammed, the stammering genius responsible for Pakistan's refusal to devalue her rupee. It was this one act which brought India and Pakistan closer to war than all the Kashmir scrapping and religious genocide, according to many people in close touch with the situation at the time.

The Prime Minister is as fond of his Press conferences as any American President. Whenever he has an important statement to make or an attack to launch on India, he calls a Press conference and packs a large room with the motley newspapermen of Karachi, chiefly Pakistanis. About an hour after the journalists assemble, Liaquat enters, chain-lights a fresh cigarette and proceeds to read in a monotonously low, halting voice a long prepared statement, copies of which are held by everybody in the room. Liaquat has been speaking English since he was a boy, but he still does so in a slow, guttural voice. Questions follow, but his patience and endearing sense of humour never desert him, however stupid or awkward the questioner. "Not for the record but for the good of your soul —if you've got one . . ." he once began an answer.

Liaquat has been a sick man for some years, but a thyroid operation—"the worst part of it was that they made me stop smoking for a month"—performed in America this summer has greatly improved his health. He also has a bad leg, which has slowed him up lately. "This pain in my leg reminds me of the time I went up to Oxford," he jokes to visitors. The story is that Liaquat bought a second-hand car when he first got to England and drove up to Oxford in it. "Get rid of that car," he was told. "As a first-year man, you're not entitled to drive." Liaquat looked woebegone until someone said: "By the way, didn't you say you had a bad leg? If you have. . . ." He took the hint quickly and kept the car. "That bad leg has caught up with me at last," he cracks now.

No Time For "Sherbet" Parties

To work Liaquat's hours in a temperate climate, let alone in Karachi's searing heat, would break or kill most men. At one period, the sociable Liaquat liked to throw lavish "sherbet" parties, but nowadays he has little taste or time for such frivolities. Dawn usually sees him at his desk, even though conferences have gone on until the early hours. He needs little sleep and seldom takes a siesta in the afternoon, when most streets in Pakistan are littered with sleeping men and women.

And, however hot, Liaquat never removes his coat, hardly ever his lambskin fez, which conceals a massive dome that is almost completely bald. Jinnah's collection of 100 sharkskin outfits were of a lighter texture than Liaquat's well cut suits, but Liaquat keeps up the Jinnah tradition for correct dress. Perhaps because he has a tidy mind, Liaquat has a horror of appearing dressed untidily in public. Once, when the fire alarm was raised during the night at a Delhi hotel, guests fled into the open in wraps, pyjamas and even under-pants. Last to appear was Liaquat, calm and correctly dressed, including the fez.

Jinnah had suits to gloat over for relaxation. Liaquat is a collector, too. When he needs a rest from Pakistan's pressing problems, he sends for some of the cigarette lighters he has been collecting for years. They number more than 100 and include many expensive gold specimens.

His Wife Must Face Hostility

Liaquat's home life is ideal. His wife, the Begum, is a petite, vivacious, rather imperious ex-schoolteacher who constantly bustles all over the new state. She has done wonders with the timid Moslem women now just emerging into the light after many centuries of servitude. Despite all her energy and achievements, the Begum is not universally popular with the hide-bound aristocracy. "She was born a Hindu and was a Hindu before she married," explained a woman one day when I asked the reason. "Such a woman will never be popular with some of the old Moslems, however much good she does." They have two lively boys and, if Liaquat can afford it, both will finish their education in England. "After a Moslem grounding, you can't do better than an English university," said Liaquat.

But that is a few years ahead, and no one knows what the future holds. When he came to Karachi as Jinnah's lieutenant, Liaquat had never before lived in Pakistan; he left behind him in rioters' hands all his estates and property in India. They say he was a model landlord but, though he has been to Delhi for conferences with Nehru, Liaquat has never revisited his old home. His claim for compensation, made like any other Moslem's claim, has been treated in the same way: it awaits attention. "You see, like millions of others in Pakistan and in India, I am just another refugee," Liaquat smiles. THE END

Ferris began to sweat. They were all watching him now. He had a wild impulse to strangle the child. His explanation, when it came, was thin

NIGHT EXPRESS

by B. L. JACOT

Berlin to Paris . . . it would be a long night through Germany, with inspections by Russians, British and Germans. But they knew the ropes. They'd get through

UNDER COVER OF LIGHTING a cigarette Ferris was watching the crowd carefully. They were pouring in off the rain-washed cobbles of the street, from the single-decker trams with their string of trailers, from the bridge over the Eiser Canal, and crowding round the *wechselstube*. At the end of the bridge was a little group of Soviet guards, belts outside their greatcoats and with heavy automatics in the pouches on their hips. Round about was a scattering of Eastern Mobile Politzei in the new Soviet-type caps.

The bright lights from the *bahnhof* streamed over the Berliners making the crossover from the Soviet-controlled zone to the British, and Ferris was glad he was on the British side of the curtain. He didn't like the look of the Soviet types. The express that would eventually land him at Aachen, via Cologne, was due in, and Ferris and his partner hadn't too much time. Suddenly he saw Fred Mason elbow out from the ticket office. Ferris picked up his suitcase and walked through the hall to the wicket where German railway officials, assisted by British military police, were passing the crowds through.

The two men showed their passes and they were through. In the comparative dark of the long platforms under the high roof Mason said: "I don't like this business."

"You don't object when I pay," Ferris said.

"I'm through, all the same. I don't like it. I don't like the risk." Mason was a slow-thinking man, easily led. In the ordinary way he was easy-going and careless, but when he had made up his mind he was stubborn.

"Oh, forget it!" Ferris said impatiently. "You were just scared the Russkis would pick you up."

"Russkis or the British or the Yanks, I wouldn't like to be picked up with what we've got. And I'm not doing it any more."

"All right! All right!" Ferris said.

When the train came in they found a seat and settled down for the night. The train was under joint control of the Russians and the British until it reached Hansrichten. There the Russians got off and waited for the next train back. Ferris

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

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The laughs are taken from here

by ELKAN ALLAN

Radio's top comedy show needs two hundred jokes a week. Frank Muir and Denis Norden write them—and now they are even finding time to give the stars new personalities

Muir and Norden work in this tiny office. But their best ideas are found in all sorts of places

DENIS NORDEN WAS A GUEST at a wedding, not long ago. After the bride and groom were toasted, everyone sang, with voices rising, ". . . For they are jolly good fe-e-e-ellows—and so say all of us." At that point, the man next to Norden suddenly shouted in his ear: "US-US!"

"And so say all of us," sang the company.

"US-US!" bellowed Norden's neighbour, to keep the tune going.

The singing went on, but Norden no longer joined in. He had fished out of his pocket the little black notebook he always carries with him, and was busy writing; "Man who always takes upon self to supply 'Us-us' in For He's a J. gd. fellow." Next day he sat down with his partner, Frank Muir, in an effort to be funny. For, as the B.B.C. announcer says at the end of every *Take It From Here*, Frank Muir and Denis Norden write the script. Between them they worked his note up into this:

WALLAS EATON: Come home, Jim . . . learn a trade. Something profitable—like Bert Hodges. He works at the Guildhall as an usser.

JOY NICHOLS: You mean an "usher."

WALLAS EATON: No, "usser." Look, you know when they 'ave distinguished guests at the Guildhall banquets, after the guest 'as made a speech, everybody sings "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"? Well, when they come to the line [SING] "And so say all of us," somebody always goes "us-us." That's Bert.

Such acute social observation is one reason their show is the most popular comedy series on the air. An average of 200 jokes a week fill the script that is handed to Joy Nichols, Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards on the morning of the broadcast. All are claimed to be either fresh or funny; most are both. While it is vaguely realized that *Take It From Here*, like other radio shows, is not written by the people who perform it, the general public does not rate the importance of the script-writers nearly as high as do those at the other side of the microphone. A speed cop was not inclined to accept Frank Muir's excuse for his hurry that he was rushing home from a script-writing session. "Don't they make it up as they go along?" he asked.

The first thing you notice when you meet the team in their dog-kennel of an office seventy-nine steps above Mayfair's "Gay 90's Club," is their height. Frank Muir, thirty, a genial handlebar-moustached ex-R.A.F. "type," is 6 ft. 5½ ins., Denis Norden, twenty-eight, a dark-complexioned bookworm, is 6 ft. 2¾ in. The ordinary-sized visitor is not at ease until they sit down, crushing in on opposite sides of a desk too large for their attic room.

Their attitude towards their job is simultaneously lighthearted and serious. Norden, who has made a study of the psychology of humour, has a measured appreciation of wit and a tendency to beetle his black brows while Muir laughs with an uninhibited guffaw. Muir's pink face is broad and open, with its slightly rabbit-teeth, thinning fair hair, and dominating moustache. According to Jimmy Edwards he has a unique accomplishment in being able to laugh through his nose with his mouth full. Muir has a hearty handshake; Norden's is the deal-closing grip of a good business man. You can imagine—what is a fact—that Muir has a passion for fast sports cars. You can also imagine—what is also a fact—that Norden can't drive. Nevertheless they work together with the smooth efficiency of the Piddingtons—and with something of the same talents.

The Show Brought Them Together

They had not met before *Take It From Here* producer, Charles Maxwell, brought them together. Before the war, Muir was stuck in the office of a firm of carbon-paper manufacturers, while Norden was learning how to manage cinemas. Each joined the R.A.F., and climbed to the rank of L.A.C. Norden was a wireless operator and landed in a D-Day advance unit; Muir was in a photographic unit and part of his job was to make parachute descents. In spite of all this activity, the important part of the war for them was organizing concert parties and shows for the troops.

Demobilized, they wrote scripts for various stars, under the benevolent charge of Ted Kavanagh, who is still their agent. Muir's clients included Joy Nichols and Jimmy Edwards; Norden's Dick Bentley. When the stars joined forces for *Take It From Here*, Muir and Norden tried working together, with happy results.

The title of the show was chosen to give them maximum elbow-room, not tying them down to a locale like *Much-Binding-in-the-Marsh*. In the first programme a Cockney character said it was a good title, as it could be shortened, like *Itma*, to *Tife—Take It From 'Ere*. To those behind the scenes it has remained *Tife* ever since, and is written like that in the script.

A single programme, including some original lyrics, takes five and a half days' hard labour, plus a ball-point pen refill (worn out mostly by Norden's ceaseless doodling), 450 cigarettes, and sixty cups of tea. They allow themselves a set time for each of the three sections in the show and if a "spot" is not finished by bedtime they go to one of their homes and stay up all night.

On the wall of their West End office is a photograph of the three stars of the show: this helps them to imagine how the lines they are writing down will sound when played. But in their minds all the time is the basic fact of radio: the audience cannot see the actors. "On the negative side this means that funny hats, rude gestures and other short cuts to the belly-laugh are ruled out," they say. "But if your audience can't see you, then you can fool it." And they get a lot of their laughs by building up a deliberately false picture in the listener's mind, and then destroying it with humorous surprise.

For instance in a film-skit about the French Revolution, Joy said. "Outside, Paris was seething with discontent. Something old and primitive and ugly ran through the mob." (The listener imagined the vicious tremor of the crowd in the streets.) Then she added: "It was Louis." Their other main trick is the old one of using puns, which, again, is an auditory joke, succeeding better on the air than on the screen or stage. Jimmy says, reprovingly: "Oh, Bentley, how gauche!" Dick: "Fine, how gauche with you?" After such jokes the laugh from the studio audience has an undertone of protest. "Nobody wants to laugh at a pun, but few can resist," say the authors.

The catchphrases, such as "Clumsy clot!" and "That was a good one, was it not?" came more or less by accident. When the show started, they decided to be different and have no catchphrases, but one day Jimmy Edwards had the line, "Black mark, Bentley!" A few days later Muir

and Norden on their way back from lunch heard a taxi-driver shouting "Black mark, Bentley!" to the owner of a stalled car. Dick reported that both his milkman and barber had addressed him with it. It was added to that week's script, and has remained, on and off, ever since.

The one usual ingredient of radio humour their script has so far lacked has been clear characters. The public likes to associate its comedians with unmistakable characteristics, such as Arthur Askey's chirpiness, Jack Benny's meanness, Ted Ray's domesticity; but the versatility of the *Tife* team has been a drawback in establishing firm characteristics. Dick Bentley's old age (he is, in fact, forty against Jimmy's thirty, and Joy's twenty-three) is practically the team's only clear personal feature. Now Muir and Norden are working on this winter's series and infusing some clearer-cut personalities into their parts.

The team's unofficial joke-taster is twenty-two year old Liz Humphries, Charles Maxwell's secretary. As the responsible B.B.C. official, her boss sits silent and judicial throughout the script readings; but she is allowed to laugh at Norden's acting of each part. Then she has the not-so-funny job of deciphering his atrocious handwriting. Muir and Norden never argue if Maxwell says a joke is not funny. At times he has sent them back to rewrite a third of the programme.

The two spend the day of transmission in the studio, cutting and trimming their material to the dictates of the producer and the heavy stop-watches they both wear on their wrists. Once the show is on the air, they can do no more, so they sit back and laugh at their own jokes. Sometimes they act a line or two themselves. Then, the credit is given to "Herbert Mostyn." Herbert is Muir's middle name, Mostyn is Norden's.

Muir's wife, Polly, was in the B.B.C. bookings department. Norden's wife, Avril, was a member of the Army Kinematograph Service. Now both humour the humorists and allow their respective living-rooms to be turned into litter-baskets. They make the tea which is necessary as lubricant for Frank Muir's mind. He also has never been known to refuse a sandwich.

Norden has a two-year-old son, Nicholas, who insists on answering the telephone, to the great bewilderment of innocent callers. His father says playing with him and listening to the wireless are his main hobbies, and sometimes he tries to do both simultaneously. His favourite listening is the American Forces Network.

Script gets final touches at Norden's home. Mrs. Muir (right), Mrs. Norden and Nicholas watch

Stars are amused, anyway. Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley run over the show

Programme Goes All Over World

Unlike most people in British radio, Muir and Norden do not envy their American counterparts. On the wall of their office is a photograph of Jack Benny on the edge of his Hollywood swimming pool surrounded by gag-writers who earn £340 a week; but it is there as a joke. "We don't earn as much as those boys," they agree, "but it is possible for a script-writer in England to earn £200 a week if he has a show with Home Service and Light Programme repeats, which is rebroadcast overseas and goes to the U.S.A., and is sent out on the London transcription service." *Take It From Here* is heard twice on the Light, once on the Home, and three times on the General Overseas Service.

In their spare time recently the two wrote the show *Breakfast With Braden*; although it was not credited to them in the *Radio Times*, it bore sufficient of their hall-marks to be identified by sharp-eared listeners. They were also the authors of a precious flop, *Third Division*, one of the Third Programme's rare attempts to be funny. In their own field, however, they seem to captivate their listeners. Every post brings the team a letter from someone who claims to be employed in an extraordinary trade for "Jim to come home and learn." Many claim to be employed corrugating iron. One said his job was to take off the sticking-plaster from a load of 40,000 corn plasters his employer had bought for the fabric.

When Jimmy Edwards broadcast the order, "Write a hundred times 'Wake up at the back there when Sir is talking,'" dozens of schoolboys set themselves this imposition, and posted it off. But the one part of the script which produced letters the partners dreaded was that moment before Jimmy said, "What a ghastly name!" No matter how outlandish Muir and Norden thought their inventions were, there was always a letter next day from a real-life Mabel Swill-bucket or Oswald Morphia in indignant complaint. The girls called Mavis who have complained at Dick's lament, "Oh, Mavis!" are uncounted.

Like To Get Their Facts Right

So far, however, they have never received a letter of complaint about factual matters. They conscientiously ask the B.B.C. Library to check up before they use any verifiable fact. Among the questions they put to the library during the last series were: "What were the dates and best-known paintings of Watteau? (*Answers:* 1684-1721; *"La Toilette" was the one selected—Jimmy's line after this: "Yes, I was a bit stunned at first but it meant 'dressing table'"*); what is the Latin for "clumsy"? (*ineptus*); what is the authentic way of telling mushrooms from toadstools? (*study illustration of edible fungi and pick only those recognized*); what was the name of Nero's father? (*Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus*); what was the relative height of Whistler and Burne-Jones? (*they never did find the answer to this one*).

The use of such references in their scripts was against all the experience of radio humour. The advice of the experts was: "Cater for the lowest common denominator of intelligence and you'll be safe." This is, of course, what most radio humour does. Muir and Norden, however, respect their audience, and their social satire is often biting. "It's just that we're not condescending," they explain.

THE END

London's strangest beat

by LISA MOYNIHAN

Though flags on the Hyde Park map show the favourite crime spots, pockets are picked and children lost all over the place

ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON last spring a Yorkshireman visiting London put his hand into his pocket to make sure his last two pound notes were still there—just enough to pay his hotel bill and buy a meal before taking the train home. Then he settled down for a nap in Hyde Park. When, an hour later, he awoke to find his money missing, he blunderingly accused a couple dozing near him of the theft. Indignantly the pair offered to accompany him to the nearest police station—Hyde Park's Verandah Lodge—to be searched.

When Chief Inspector Wilfred Baden Watts, a tall officer with greying hair, had gone through their pockets and clothing, he shook his head. "I'm afraid you've picked the wrong people."

But a C.I.D. officer had happened to hear the Yorkshireman's story. He drew Watts—newly in charge of the Hyde Park station—aside. "There's one possibility worth checking," he suggested. Then he turned to the Yorkshireman. "Tell me exactly what happened on your way to the station."

The visitor to London couldn't remember anything out of the ordinary. Then he said: "Wait! The chap did stop at a tree to tie his shoe-lace." Sure enough, Watts found the two pound notes neatly tucked under a stone by the tree. And the couple pleaded guilty.

Since then Watts has decided that Hyde Park is London's strangest beat. At forty-nine, with twenty-four years in the Metropolitan Police Force, he is well qualified to judge. In the park he has had to organize man-hunts, watch out for pickpockets, bag-snatchers and vandals, return lost children to frantic parents—and chase murderers. He has found that Hyde Park's 361 acres of lawn, gardens and lake need as constant attention as any crowded urban district.

The chief inspector's responsibility lasts for twenty-four hours each day and, in fact, Verandah Lodge is often busiest at night. His staff of eighty, including seven women and nine mounted policemen, works eight-hour shifts around the clock. In emergencies, time is forgotten.

Romance Can Lead To Theft

Pickpockets are the worst offenders at the Marble Arch meeting ground, but Watts is comforted by the fact that old hands are easily spotted. "A really good pickpocket always sticks to his profession, you might say."

Watts's men make, on an average, 1,000 arrests a year, the highest rate in any London sub-division. Bag-snatchers top the list of culprits. This, Watts says, is mainly the fault of courting couples who, intent on romance, would hardly notice anything less than a nearby atomic explosion. Watts has more than once stopped to warn a couple about possible thieves. "Take care of your bag if you don't want it stolen," he told a woman recently. "Mind your own business!" she snapped. An hour later she called at Verandah Lodge. "I'm sorry I was rude, Inspector," she said. "My bag *has* been stolen."

Two Golden Labrador dogs and four men are on duty in the park every evening to guard against bag-snatchers and it is hoped soon to have eight on the job. Their chief function is to catch bag-snatchers, it is true, but they are proving useful also for catching hooligans who slit deckchairs or break the woodwork. "The hooligans probably never see the effects of their handiwork; if they did, they might think twice about it."

Recently Watts went to the assistance of an elderly, short-sighted woman who had been badly bruised after falling through what she had mistaken for a sound chair. Next day, one of his men saw a gang of twelve youths breaking up chairs against the sides of trees. The dogs were sent after them, circled around and headed the hoodlums for the Lodge like a flock of sheep. The young toughs were fined a total of fifty pounds.

While it is virtually impossible to keep a constant watch on every square inch of the park's vast acreage, flagged charts—which Watts inherited from his predecessor—prove a useful guide. One tells him where arrests were made during the year and for what crimes. Stealing goes on almost anywhere but "robbery with violence," "indecency" and "stealing from motor cars" seem to occur time after time in the same spots.

How To Free A Trapped Child

"Children in trouble" is a heading that crops up often in the Hyde Park police books. Chief Inspector Watts is fond of youngsters, having fathered two of his own. One Sunday a policewoman rushed to the Lodge's canteen. "Give me a spot of grease—lard or marge or dripping. Whatever you can spare," she called to the cook. The cook handed over a good dab of margarine. The policewoman used it to free a small boy who had managed somehow to get his head stuck between fence railings.

That same Sunday four children playing together pushed each other into the Serpentine; a ten-year-old boy fell from a tree, cutting open his head; and Watts had no fewer than twenty lost children on his hands. He is used to this by now. "While mother is lying down for a well-deserved Sunday afternoon nap, dad takes the youngsters out. He gets drowsy, too, and the kids soon take the opportunity to escape."

In all his experience, the chief inspector has never seen so full a lost-property book as that at Verandah Lodge. Into it some 11,000 items are entered each year, including toy motor cars, bicycles, umbrellas, season tickets, overcoats, shoes ("stolen while the owner was asleep, most likely"), jackets, diaries, correspondence, travellers' cheques, jewellery, handbags and any number of lost dogs, some quite valuable.

A patient man, Watts often has to contend with rallies and demonstrations. Some mean more trouble than others, depending on the type of crowd they attract. For instance, Our Dumb Friends' League, with a gathering of mothers, children and pets, was no trouble at all. The big crowds attending St. John Ambulance Brigade and Salvation Army rallies and so on are made up of "good citizens." Political rallies, on the other hand, mean extra police.

Watts and his men are constantly on the alert for a Serpentine casualty when patrolling that area of the park. To help, they have four lifeboatmen and the superintendent of the Royal Humane Society's Hyde Park Station, Tom Martin. Tom has been in the park for twenty-four years and remembers the days when there was no Lido. People used to bathe anywhere in the Serpentine and sunbathe in any convenient spot afterwards.

Two dogs and four men go out every evening to catch bag-snatchers and gangs of hooligans

The police keep a watch on the park's greenhouses, on flower beds and on the trees. Sometimes they meet with touching incidents. One of Watts's policewomen spotted a frail old man plucking a spray of laburnum from a tree near Hyde Park Corner. Removing his cap, he curled the spray up inside, then walked on trying to look innocent. When the policewoman challenged him the old man burst into tears. "Don't take it from me, miss, I've only picked it because it's so beautiful." Touched, she got him a fresh sprig—but not from Hyde Park.

Recently, Watts was preparing to go home from the park to supper in his East Acton house. Instead, he wound up conducting late-night dragging operations in the Serpentine. A bundle of clothes had been found beside the Lido, evidently the property of a cyclist, since a complete cycle repair outfit was stuck in one of the pockets. For hours Watts watched while four of his men in boats dragged the Lido and the surrounding water, foot by foot. In the morning one of the Lido staff came along.

"A chap did report he'd lost some clothes yesterday," he said. Watts gave a sigh of relief and went back to Verandah Lodge. There was no telling what might happen next. THE END

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY

by ALASTAIR SCOBIE

ILLUSTRATED BY BREAM

The Duchess screamed for the police when she met the Reverend Ernest—and that made him angry. It was time he dropped persuasion and began to use his fists

The Eastfield Arms had never seen anything like it—two men in parson's collars fighting!

FROM THE MOMENT of his arrival in the dockland of Eastfield, in East London, the Rev. Ernest Wooskey was dubbed "Whisky." The name, of course, stuck until half his parishioners honestly believed the parson's name was Whisky and used it to his face. A large, handsome, suave man with a gift for dressing well could have carried off such a name with a flourish, but Ernest was none of these things. He reminded his own bishop of an intensely serious terrier on a rat hunt.

Wooskey's greying hair stuck up from his head, his shoulders were bent, he wore steel-rimmed glasses at an angle on a nose broken while teaching the larger Scouts to box and badly reset after the accident. Wooskey had to keep a firm hold on faith; hope seemed sometimes to recede from him; but his charity was never in doubt.

"What's that, ducks? Been evicted? You go and see the Rev., my dear. He'll let you kip down in the vestry. Good sort, old Whisky!"

"Got the sack, Bill? Maybe old Whisky knows something."

The Bishop once put it rather nicely when he said: "St. Audan's usually resembles a cross between a dosshouse, a labour exchange, a children's playground and a meeting place for gossips of both sexes. But there, Wooskey keeps enormous congregations and works wonders, so we must not complain."

Thieves came to Wooskey. Seldom, it must be admitted, in repentance; usually to borrow half a dollar, which they always seemed to pay back. Nevertheless, he had made Bert Strowther into a more-or-less honest barrow-boy from a vicious petty thief, and turned Katie Maydwell into a hard-working barmaid, which was a great improvement on what Katie had ever been before.

Which brings us to the affair of Nutty Small.

O'Rafferty, who keeps the Eastfield Arms and is, oddly enough, a staunch churchman, often recalls the business with glee.

"Ah, now, there are some fine sights in this world and sure, there is bound to be some beauties in the next, but the grandest sight ever I clapped me two eyes on was them two clergymen, battling like the hammers of hell in me saloon bar."

The business started over the Poor Children's Outing Fund. Every man has his weaknesses and Wooskey had a stiff pride. He hated asking for money and he loathed publicity. He was a firm believer in the adage that it is the poor as helps the poor, and he did not go outside of his parish for funds.

When August came round, Wooskey used to delight in collecting the poorest, scruffiest urchins within reach, coaxing and cuffing them into a motor coach, taking them to the country or the seaside and keeping them there firmly until funds ran out.

He did not consider this so much as charity or as a duty to be performed. He liked children, he loathed poverty, and he remembered his own penurious, stiff-lipped, lower middle-class childhood where there was not even a street where he could play among the lorries and drays, with a gang of his kind around him. The money came in through hard work—Wooskey went round bullying folks into giving it, whatever their religion or beliefs. It must be admitted that Eastfield, despite other failings, did Wooskey proud in the matter of the Poor Children's Outing Fund.

So Wooskey was more than annoyed to receive, one fine July morning, a brief note on expensive paper, signed by the Dowager Duchess of Penwhistle in person.

"Dear Mr. Wooskey. I was delighted, as you may remember, to be a subscriber to your fund for the poor of Eastfield. As the time for your Children's Outing is approaching, I am writing to ask if I can be of any service to you on the committee you spoke of. I am very busy at the moment, but should you require my services in such a worthy cause, I would be most happy to be of service. . . ."

He slammed the paper on his desk, lit a crumpled cigarette and got out the bootbox in which he kept his correspondence, slapping at the groping hands of two urchins who had come in because it was raining—the best excuse they could think of as a preliminary to borrowing twopence until Saturday's pocket money came

Continued on page 25

Spinning the wheel of fortune

The croupier is the man who makes the gambling world run smoothly. He'll treat you like a gentleman—even if he does have your money

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

TAKE A SMALL, SALLOW MAN, svelte and sinister, impassive of face, deft of gesture. Credit him with a photographic memory and the calculating genius of an Einstein. Add an aura of superstition almost approaching a dread of the Evil Eye, and the popular conception of a croupier is complete. And fantastically false.

"We're really much less interesting than your favourite footballer," says Jacques Franchu, Commandant in the French Army Reserve and for twenty years a croupier in Biarritz, "and our job is no more mysterious than his. *Seulement*, the setting is different." The setting, certainly, is different, but Commandant Franchu, forty-two years old, six feet three and weighing about fifteen muscular stone, looks rather like a Rugby footballer himself—never have long, sedentary hours in smoke-filled rooms had less apparent effect on any man. "The life suits me, and people live long in my profession," the Commandant adds.

The conditions under which Franchu and his forty colleagues work can hardly appeal to addicts of the outdoor school of health. Not that at four o'clock in the afternoon the *Salles de Jeux* of the Bellevue Casino at Biarritz are anything but spacious, airy and cool. Business is about to begin but the crowd has not yet arrived. Only a few regulars, like ghosts awaiting their haunting hour, stroll about in little circles or stare vacantly at the ceiling. The *motif* is rose and restful; a pleasant breeze comes through the crescent of lofty windows that gives on to the silver bay.

Trying Your Luck In Luxury

But for the dark green tables, spread with multi-coloured counters, and the sober-looking men seated round them, this might be an embassy's ante-room, or the lounge of a luxury hotel. And, in fact, the atmosphere is one of reception, of courteous service. Produce a cigarette here and a blue uniformed attendant transpires with a match. A drink or a sandwich? It is there at once; no need to leave the tables, to miss a single turn of card or wheel. The personnel is trained to see that customers chance their money in vaguely opulent surroundings. Commandant Franchu and his colleagues ensure that they win—or lose—it fairly, discreetly and in as short a time as possible. It is a prosaic job, demanding exhausting vigilance and considerable technique. Not everyone can be a croupier.

Franchu became one by chance. "A friend of my family worked at the tables," he says. "He suggested that I apply. I was taken on at once—to empty ashtrays." There are no "croupier schools" in France, as is generally believed. Before he graduates to the tables an aspirant must serve a long apprenticeship. After two years of ashtrays and hovering round clients in the rooms, Franchu was promoted to the Reception, the office at the entrance to every casino where would-be gamblers prove their identity, pay their fee, and are generally passed fit to go to the tables.

Working at the Reception was no sinecure. Once a client has his ticket he is never—or should never be—asked to declare his identity again. One of young Franchu's duties was to remember faces, the hundreds of faces that passed through his swing doors every day. "Compared to that, the combinations on the roulette wheel were child's play," says the Commandant. "My biggest problem was the English visitors. They seemed to dress and look exactly alike, and the men, especially, appeared to be all of an age. I once bowed in an English duke. I knew him well—or thought I did. Only, this time it happened to be his son who, being under age, had no business in the rooms at all."

Counters are spread by Franchu (centre). Stories about big wins are often nonsense, he says

After a couple of years at this game of Who Should Be Who he was asked by a croupier friend if he would like to try the real thing. He had to train in his spare time. "We made a mock-up of a roulette table in my rooms and every night, for six months, my friend had me spin the wheel, place fake bets and pay out ghostly clients." Franchu started, as must all tyro croupiers, at the position know as *bout de table*, the end of the table. There, his duties were limited to placing bets—guiding the counters on to the number or combinations called by the clients—and remembering to whom such counters belonged.

In principle, every gambler is responsible for his own bet. If it is successful, he must claim his winnings or prevent them being swept away or, worse, being paid to another client. He must watch the croupier and correct him, quickly and firmly, if he makes a mistake. "Croupiers, especially when they begin at the end of the table, do make mistakes. I made several," the Commandant remembers. "It is all very well at the beginning of a session. There are few clients and the table carries little money. Later, when the rooms fill up after dinner, counters pour on at a bewildering speed. There can be five, six or seven people all going for the same number or the same combinations. And all at the same time—generally at the last moment."

Especially trying, he finds, are the mumblers and the dabbers: those who fling plaques down with an imperious but foggy croak, and those who have a mania for changing their bets just before the ball drops. "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred," Franchu says, "a claim for a disputed win is made in good faith, and the casino pays both parties. The gambler really

thinks he backed the winning throw. Very often he did, but has either been misunderstood by the croupier or had his counter swept away or lost under a pile of others. It is up to him to watch his money."

Yet there are "wrong 'uns" in every casino, people who habitually make dishonest claims. They soon get known and are discreetly but definitely shown the door. Franchu has seen many of them during his twenty years at the tables. "They never make a fuss," he says. "They can't, for the management can throw anybody out without explanation. And, once out, they are gone for ever."

He Must Keep The Wheel Turning

After a year at the bottom of the table, Franchu was promoted to the rank of Croupier, Second Category. He went up to the "cylinder," as the roulette is called, to become one of the two men who, sitting opposite each other, spin the wheel, call the periods and pay the winning bets. Each croupier manipulates the wheel in shifts of half an hour. He must remember certain simple rules. The roulette must not be spun twice running in the same direction; the ball should always travel against the spin. The ball must make at least three turns before it drops and the wheel, except for the split second needed to reverse its direction, must never stop spinning while the session lasts. The croupier who has the wheel calls the periods—the *faites vos jeux, les jeux sont faits, rien ne va plus*, etc.—and announces the winning number, its colour, whether it is under nineteen (*manque*) or between nineteen and thirty-six (*passe*).

As a popular gambling game, roulette has two potent advantages: it is played quickly and is painfully easy to understand. The table is marked with thirty-six numbers in twelve horizontal rows of three numbers each. Zero, the bank's secret weapon, has a row to itself at the top of the parallelogram, nearest the wheel.

Apart from its three *chances simples*—red or black, odd or even, under nineteen (*manque*) or between nineteen and thirty-six (*passe*)—which pay even money, the plan offers a choice of nine different combinations.

A winning number backed singly, *en plein*, pays thirty-five times the stake. *A cheval*, two adjacent numbers covered by a single stake, pays seventeen times. All three numbers in a row can be backed: this is called *transversale*, and if one of these comes up the winner gets eleven times his money. A *carré*, or square of four numbers, pays eight times; a *sixain*, or six numbers—two adjacent rows—five times. The less adventurous can back twelve numbers at a time by playing the first, middle or last dozens, or by wagering on one of the three perpendicular columns of twelve numbers. Success on any of these multiple chances pays twice the stake. Finally, for the very cautious, there are the odds-on chances; two dozens or two columns backed simultaneously. Such a bet covers twenty-four numbers and a win rewards the prudent with half his money back.

Zero Stops The Bank Breaking

If there were no more in it than that, even the most innocent gambler would break a roulette bank with pleasantly monotonous regularity. Unfortunately for us all, there is the zero and the maximum limit of stake. If the zero comes up, the table takes all bets save those on the zero itself and those on the even chances. These latter are "put in prison": they are not valid till the throw after the next—if they have not been lost in the meantime.

The minimum bet at Biarritz is 100 francs (about two shillings), but the maximum limits vary from 3,000 francs (about £3) on a single number to £200 on the odds-on chances; £100 can be bet on the even chances, £50 on those that pay two to one. An eleven to one chance—the *transversale*—can be backed for £10, six numbers for £20, and so on. There is no limit to the sum any gambler might care to distribute round the table, except the improbable limit of a maximum bet on every number and combination. Franchu has seen millionaires, usually South American, and kings—usually "ex"—garnish the table with more than £500 a time. The counters make a pretty picture, he says—till the ball drops.

A croupier knows each client by voice, position in the crowd, or the pattern of his game. There is no difficulty with the eight or nine players sitting round the table. They are at eye level and their movements are easy to watch. It is the crowd above them, often three deep and frequently changing, that worries croupiers. Most gamblers, Franchu holds, are conservative. "We know all the regulars, of course. The man who always plays seventeen and twenty, the first dozen and the *carré* of

Franchu arrives at Bellevue. Systems, he thinks, are just fussy ways of losing money

eight. The woman who invariably puts her hundred francs on the first six numbers and who only plays every third throw—and never when it rains. The people we distrust are those who wander from table to table, never play the same number twice or put up a uniform stake, throw their counters at us as the ball is faltering and expect us to deal with five combinations simultaneously." The Commandant sighs. "And the superstitious ones. . . ."

All gamblers, says Franchu, are superstitious, and he gets to know the foibles of his regulars by heart. One follows a particular table on a particular day; another regulates his bets by the state of the tide, his girl friend's birthday or, by some weird computation, according to the number that has just turned up. One old gentleman, a retired colonel, leaves it all to astral numerology and spreads his paraphernalia of heavenly charts, horoscopes and ready reckoners on the table in front of him.

Not that the Commandant and his colleagues don't prefer a winning client to a losing one. Like everything else in a casino, a croupier's living depends on a gamble, on the arbitrary munificence of the winning players. Franchu is paid nothing by the casino management but his social insurance. His salary comes out of the *pour le service*, the box in every table into which go the gratuities. It can be a very variable sum. In the holiday season, when the rich foreigners, mainly Spaniards and South Americans, come over, he can expect to average about £70 a month. Windfalls are rare in 1950, but the Commandant remembers the time when some players threw down more than half their winnings after a successful bet. "They were more interested in the thrill of seeing their number drop than the money. Nowadays," he adds philosophically, "they seem to be interested in both. So much the worse for us."

Croupiers have to buy their own uniform which, at Biarritz, is a braided, double-breasted dinner jacket. While on duty, Franchu is entitled to refreshment—a cold meal with wine or beer—at the casino's expense. He has no complaints about his job and likes the work. It leaves him very free and, if he sticks at it, promotion is no worse than anywhere else. If luck is with him he can end by becoming the Director-General of Gambling, a very senior official indeed, who combines the tact of a diplomat with a highly developed business sense.

Government Takes Big Profits

There are no State casinos in France. The government merely authorizes certain individuals to maintain a gambling establishment. It demands guarantees and reserves the right of very strict surveillance. This is less for the sake of law and order than for the fat revenue it expects to net from the proceeds. At Biarritz, the government takes forty-five or fifty per cent of profits; at Deauville, where the turnover is considerably higher, the figure can reach eighty per cent. Every casino is haunted by a permanent representative of the Ministry of the Interior, a quietly dressed gentleman who is none the less a policeman.

At Biarritz, there are five roulette tables, and each, when it opens for play, will be worth two and a half million francs—about £2,500. The counters equivalent to this sum are solemnly counted out before the public, and anyone, if it so pleases him, may check each counter personally. A table can, and often does, go temporarily bankrupt. This is "breaking the bank," or *faire sauter la table*—making the table go up in smoke—as the French phrase it. It sounds a terrific feat in both languages, but in fact is hardly noticeable. The table, it is true, runs out of money, but play is only stopped for just as long as it takes an official to go to the *caisse*, the casino's safe, and return with another £2,500 worth of chips. These are counted out, the Ministry Man gives the nod, and the ball starts rolling again. Total time—three minutes.

Commandant Franchu, who has never had a bet in his life, has seen many banks broken but is unimpressed by the effect on gamblers of this brash-sounding *coup*. "The more you win, the more you lose," he says earnestly. "All gambling is lunacy."

Contempt For All Systems

The nonsense talked about roulette has, he thinks, a great deal to do with its egregious attraction. People claim to have seen tremendous runs of numbers and colours, of combinations repeated throw after throw. In all his experience Franchu has only seen one number, the two, repeat more than twice. It ran three times. Even twice is rare, and although he has heard of the thirty-six running four times, he has never witnessed such a thing himself. The even chances are hardly better. The longest run on one colour that he remembers is nineteen consecutive turns of the red, and he once saw the middle dozen appear fourteen times off the reel. "Systems? They are merely rather fussy ways of losing your money."

They were getting the tables ready and the Commandant looked round the almost empty rooms. The sunlight streamed across the rich carpets; round the green tables, silent, meditative men fanned out the glittering plaques. "There is still some elegance in gambling in France," he said. "We treat you like a gentleman, even if we do have your money. In South America, I'm told, the croupiers wear shirt sleeves. Shirt sleeves!" THE END

THE EMBRY ESCAPE (4): *Anthony Richardson's exciting account of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry's wartime bid for freedom*

He clutched at a handful of reeds, but the clump came away in his hand. The bog sucked him lower. He grabbed again at a tuft of coarse grass

On the run in the land of deserted villages

Embry, now C.-in-C. of Fighter Command, was shot down over France in 1940 and captured by the Germans. He broke away from a p.o.w. column. After many adventures he was lying in a cornfield waiting to swim across the Somme when he heard a motor cycle. An armed German soldier was riding towards him. . .

THE MOTOR CYCLE was in low gear, the engine just ticking over, while the rider straddled his seat with his feet trailing on the ground to keep his balance. The machine rocked and jolted and it seemed to be as much as the rider could do to keep the handlebars steady, but he came on inexorably.

Embry said to himself: "This is it! I've had it!" There seemed to be no doubt about it. The trooper's course was directly towards him. He would be seen. But there was just a chance. The bicycle was only thirty yards away when he decided to feign death. He lay on his face, his cheek resting on one hand, the other hand turned palm upwards.

The sound of the motor cycle came nearer. It seemed the only sound in all the world, despite the clatter and rumble of the surrounding battle. It became quite deafening—it was almost on top of him. He drew in his breath and held it. He could hear a voice now, guttural, gasping. The rider was swearing as he rode. Voice and engine tumult mingled together sounded immediately above him. Then the voice fell silent and the noise of the engine receded.

It grew less. It seemed too good to be true, but the sound was fainter. He breathed again. Then he raised his head slightly and scarcely twenty yards from him saw the German trooper's back. He had passed him by.

Only when the man was out of sight and beyond the corn did Embry dare to move. When at last he shifted his position he saw the tracks of the bicycle and the markings of its passage by the narrow path of crushed corn. The trail passed within three yards of where he lay. He thought: This must be a sign. I *shall* get through.

He lay all day in his cornfield, while the sun beat down on him. The ground grew hot and there was no shade anywhere. The heat was excruciating and his thirst was agonizing. By the afternoon his lips were beginning to crack and his tongue was swollen.

The rhythm of the battle had taken a

certain measure. It gathered its sound within itself, continuous and insistent, one overtone embracing all the minor themes. Then at an interval, almost to be marked, it would release from within itself one terrible and overwhelming blast that thundered and belched over the ground and through the skies.

So it went on through all the afternoon and evening, but during the dragging hours Embry planned just where he would cross the Somme that night. He could see clearly from his position the cleft in the bank far below in the shallow valley where the tributary ran in from the north-east. Some distance away a few trees leaned over what must be the river itself. By the third tree he would make his attempt.

But though the thought that by this time tomorrow he might be in British hands and talking his own tongue once more was stimulating and kept his spirits high, nevertheless he had had nothing to eat for many hours. The long wait till last light seemed unending. But at eleven o'clock night had fallen. He left his hiding-place.

Caught In The Light Of Flares

He crawled through the corn, because his enemies were packed tight close around him. No doubt there would be a small gap between the gun batteries and the infantry lines, where the chances of stumbling on to a patrol or an entrenched company would be less, but the nearer he drew to the river, the more dense would be the massing of troops.

He reached the boundary fence of the cornfield and began to climb over. For the last few minutes he had heard the sound of aircraft overhead and could have sworn they were British. Now, as the bombs began to fall ahead of him and he was caught in the glare of dropping flares, he was sure.

He was caught astride the top bar of the fence but dived into the ditch, where he lay utterly still. The countryside was brightly illuminated and he could see in the far distance, on the river bank, the line of trees he had noticed at noon. They stood out clearly with the flares falling behind them. Beyond again came the flashes of exploding bombs, while the sky was picked out with light flares and star shells.

The battle on the ground was dying down. He made his way on hands and knees, halting every few yards and listening, then groping again. Another wave of British bombers came over and he had to drop flat once more, but he could see that now the land ran smoothly and gently down before him. Then once again the darkness swept over everything.

He Reaches The Somme At Last

For a mile he crawled, progressing slowly with constant halts till he decided that the night was sufficiently advanced to afford cover in itself; he rose to his feet and walked carefully in the chosen direction. Then he knew that he was in the immediate vicinity of the river. He could smell it. He could smell the air tainted with the musty odour of river-mud and slime. Then he saw the trees looming up before him and he knew that he had found his mark.

He dropped on his hands and knees again because this was the place where the Germans would be thickest. It was not improbable that they were dug in along the bank. At least, there might be machine gun nests at regular intervals to cover a possible crossing. So he crawled on again with still greater caution through the trees and the low bushes around them till, in an instant of sheer joy, he saw the river. It flowed past, black and glistening under the stars. He sat beside it, watching it, fascinated. Then he rose and peered over the bank.

It fell sheer, seven feet down to the glistening, inky water. It would be impossible to get down into the river without making a considerable splash. The sound of a man leaping into the water could probably be heard several hundred yards upstream and downstream. But somehow he must get into it.

He sat on the bank and took off his clothes. He made a bundle of them, with Paul's precious hat secured safely in the middle, and wrapped them up in his scarecrow jacket. As he knotted the arms round his neck he saw an overhanging limb of the tree beside him.

The stout branch jutted out over the water, parallel to its surface for some feet and then dwindling to foliage which dropped within inches of the stream. He paused for a moment, listening. He could still hear the sound of the battle but it seemed now far away, a faint, half-hearted echo of the noontide fighting. He made his way to the tree, climbed upon the branch and crawled forward till it began to sag.

Hand Over Hand Into The Water

The thought that it might snap and precipitate him headlong into the water decided him at once to continue his progress hand over hand from beneath the branch. He lowered himself gently over and went forward again. Within seconds his toes touched water. He passed farther on hand over hand, his weight bending the branch still more till gradually he was lowered into the river. He let go of the branch and it flew back into place, its leaves a canopy over his head.

Using the breast stroke to prevent splashing, he swam slowly. The current was sluggish, but at what particular point he landed on the far bank was immaterial because now, at last, he was crossing the Somme to safety. In midstream he trod water while he drank sparingly, remembering from his early training in field-service hygiene that water in the middle of a stream is cleaner than that at the edge.

He reached the opposite bank without difficulty. It was, as he had thought, very much lower than the other. He drew himself out of the river and lay for a moment in the straggling rushes. He was breathing deeply, not only through exertion but through excitement. He had achieved his purpose. He was over the Somme!

Except for the familiar, still more distant intermittent rumbling of the battle, all was silence. The trees on the northern bank were now dark shadows, with the open starlit ground behind them rising to the low horizon. He gazed across the river to the slopes which he had traversed on hands and knees, and it seemed to him that the river divided one life from another.

Rising to his feet, he began to survey his position. The ground before him was flat and level. He could see, some considerable distance ahead, the outline of the causeway. In the foreground were occasional stunted trees and a great many pools. Moss and soaking vegetation, sodden and clammy, were beneath his feet. The water oozed between his toes.

He deliberated whether to dress again but decided that the passage that had to be made to the causeway might quite easily incur the negotiation of several small streams; he was better off as he was. With his precious bundle still secured round his neck, he set off.

The Black Mud Death Trap

At the first step he dropped to the level of his waist. The black and oozing mud gripped him round the middle and drew him down. He clutched at a handful of rough reeds, but the clump came away in his hand. The bog sucked him down till he was in it to his chest. He grabbed again at a tuft of coarse grass, obtained a hold and prevented himself from sinking farther. He searched with his bare feet in the slime beneath him for a foothold. He found none. He knew that if he let go of the grass tuft, he was doomed.

The realization of his plight was terrifying. This dreadful death trap had awaited him at the end of all these miles, yawning wide for him when he had all but won through. He tried

Again Embry sees where he swam the Somme

to drag himself clear but the effort made him sink even deeper. Then he realized that it was useless attempting to extricate himself in an upright position. He must take the chance and try to assume the position of a swimmer and raise his body horizontally. He pressed his head and chest forward, bearing down heavily on his hand hold.

For a moment he thought he was lost. The bitter evil mud ran over his mouth and as he tried to straighten his back into the swimming position it felt as if a ton weight was on his ankles dragging him down. Then, very slowly, he continued to raise his buttocks and draw his legs up underneath him. He kicked violently, hauling on the tuft of grass at the same time. He moved a few inches forward. Twenty minutes later he managed to crawl on to the firmer ground by the tuft.

He was black from head to foot. The stench from the bog was so vile that he felt sick. He ran his hands over his body trying to rid himself of the mud, and remembered in a sudden panic the parcel of clothes he carried and which, in his distress, he had forgotten. It was still there, but covered with black filth.

It was two hours later that he reached the causeway and climbed its bank. There was a road along the causeway and its hard gravel surface was reassuring after the terror of the bog. Now on the higher level he could see how the marshes spread left and right limitlessly; it was a miracle he had come out alive. Clothed in nothing but the black slime of the marshes, stark naked beneath the waning starlight, he set off down the road.

He found the stream about half an hour

Beyond is the bog where he nearly smothered

later. It ran in one of its meanders practically alongside the causeway. He scrambled down the bank and, after testing the bottom, lowered himself into the water. He washed himself clean, ducking his head time after time till he was sure that no particle of the foul mud remained. Then he cleaned his clothes to the best of his ability, dressed himself and moved on again.

Dawn was coming up, but he walked on boldly, confident that he must be through the lines, though puzzled at the stillness of his immediate surroundings. Sooner or later, he told himself, he would stumble on an Allied patrol or hear the voice of a British sentry challenging him. That would be the moment! Half an hour later he saw a village.

It lay to the left of the causeway down one of the numerous tracks that criss-crossed the marshes. Daylight had come and he could clearly see a cluster of buildings, huddled together in the customary casual French fashion. On the outskirts lay what appeared to be a farm. He reached the farm and found the gate open. It swung idly on its hinges, unpadlocked. Just past the gate were a small barn and some hen houses in a stable yard, and the house stood at the far end of the drive. He passed through the gateway and found himself in the stable yard.

There was no one about. In one corner of the yard was a dog kennel, empty. Its chain lay idle on the ground. It seemed to Embry a very significant detail. And his mercurial spirits rose again, for the night was behind him and the sun was climbing in the east, so that when he saw the hen's nesting boxes ranged along the wall he almost ran to pillage them of their contents. He found seven eggs and pocketed them. Then he turned towards the barn.

It was, as he hoped, built with an open ground floor, unhampered by doors. A ladder tilted up to the open hatch of what must be a loft immediately under the roof. He climbed up the ladder and peered in. The loft was nearly full of straw. It was one of the most inviting sights he had seen for a very considerable time. He placed his eggs carefully in a corner and climbed down again, intent on exploring the farmhouse itself.

Finds In An Empty Kitchen

He approached the house cautiously, keeping close to the hedge of the drive. When he was a dozen paces away he saw that the front door was open. He found himself in the kitchen living-room. The table was bare and the place was clean. It had the look of a room deserted by a family on holiday, with everything neat and tidy, swept and garnished against their return. He climbed the stairs and found three small rooms leading off from the landing. The rooms were barely furnished and in each the bedding had been removed. There were no signs anywhere of a hurried evacuation, but the place was clearly deserted. The battle had swept over it and left it unscathed.

Back in the living-room, he explored the cupboards and shelves. He found no food, but four bottles of wine. In the kitchen drawers he discovered a pocket knife, a kitchen knife and a fork and in the sideboard drawer, to his great delight, a map of the district. In the yard a bucket stood under the pump. He filled the bucket with water and carried it together with the rest of his plunder up into the loft. He was well pleased with himself. He arranged his belongings, made a hollow in the straw for his couch and then descended the ladder once again to search for more food.

In the yard by the barn he stood for the moment at a loss where to search. It was as he was ruminating that he heard the sound of approaching transport coming up the lane behind him on the other side of the building. He stepped back into the barn, climbed into the loft and pushed the ladder away so that it fell beside the broken cart. Then he went to the side of the roof, which was just above his head and nearest to the drive with its swinging gate. All the time he could hear the sound growing louder. With the help of the kitchen knife he eased a loose tile free, and gazed through his loophole into the drive. There was a ten-ton lorry in the gateway. And it was filled with German soldiers.

Still Behind The German Lines

There were a dozen of them. Embry counted them as they climbed out of the truck. Eight moved towards the house, while the other four turned in his direction and were lost to view. Seconds later, he heard footsteps and voices below him. They were in the barn. He leaped into the straw and dug his way six feet down, leaving only a little tunnel for air. He was very glad that he had had the forethought to remove the ladder, but the presence of the Germans was a bitter disappointment. It meant he was still behind their lines.

He could hear the voices beneath him. He imagined the soldiers hanging up their equipment and resting their rifles against improvised racks. But in a little time the voices ceased and there was silence. He emerged from his hiding-place and looked through the loophole again. The lorry was still there. He returned to his straw.

This was warm and the odour of the loft was musty sweet. He dozed off. He woke at noon to the sound of bombardment. The tiles of the loft rattled to the thud of bursting shells. He struggled out of his straw bed and went to his loophole. He could see the village in the distance. It still wore the same forlorn deserted air but now high explosive was bursting over its roofs. The spire of the solitary church rose from a cluster of small houses in the centre of the hamlet and as he watched he saw a ragged tongue of red fire flicker upwards to the weathercock. The red glow spread till a cottage nestling at the base of the church caught fire at the same time as a small farm beside it was hit and burst into flames.

He found the spectacle reassuring. The British couldn't be so far away after all. The battle was still in the vicinity; it was not impossible that the Germans might be driven back and that he himself might be enveloped in an Allied advance. But in a little time the cannonade ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Returning to his couch, he took three eggs from their hiding-place, together with a bottle of wine. He dug into the cork with his penknife and then pushed it into the bottle. He drank deeply; the wine was red and sharp. The eggs he broke one by one, swallowing them at a gulp, washing each one down with another draught from the bottle. He slept through the afternoon, scarcely disturbed by the occasional sound of voices.

New Goal: The Channel Coast

He woke at dusk and looked out again through the hole in the roof, but the lorry was still there. Until it was gone he must stay where he was. And that evening, seated on the ground, their backs to the wall of the farm buildings opposite, the German soldiers sang.

At noon the following day, June 7, under a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky, the German patrol left. Embry saw them go, climbing into their lorry with much clattering of rifles and equipment. In a short time there was complete silence. He was determined now, at the first opportunity, to proceed no longer farther south, but to strike west-north-west to the coast. Once there he would try to find a boat of some kind to carry him across the Channel to England. He had no idea what kind of boat he would need and very little idea of how he would obtain one.

The first job was to reach the coast. He finished off his eggs, cleaned himself with water from his bucket and, now there were no longer German voices to disturb him, took a short, but deeper, spell of sleep. At eleven o'clock on the same night he set out on the second phase of his journey.

He lowered himself through the hatch of the loft, crossed the stable yard, passed through the gate and turned right for the village. He reached it within a quarter of an hour. It was so quiet that it was awe-inspiring. He could see nearly every detail in the bright starlight; the half-opened windows with the curtains gently swaying; the nodding flowers in the little patches of fenced gardens; the doors swinging ajar; the garden rake propped against a gate post; all the small familiar things of human habitation were there except the human beings themselves.

Lost In The Depths Of A Wood

Some miles farther on he changed course for the west. Within ten minutes his progress was barred by a wood. The tracks seemed to take all manner of directions. He kept as steadfastly to his course as he could but the gradual inclining of a track to left or right could be almost imperceptible. He knew from referring to his map that the wood was about a mile wide from where he had entered. He had checked by his watch and he should have been at least emerging on the far side by this time. But there were trees all around him.

He wandered on till he found another of the numerous rides and stared starwards, but the rift in the trees was insufficient and it was impossible to determine his position. It was fully half an hour later that he stepped out from the trees. About an hour before dawn he came

Continued on page 30

This special John Bull painting by Ronald Lampitt shows how t

1 *HEALTH PAVILION*
2 *NEW SCHOOLS EXHIBIT*
3 *HOMES AND GARDENS*
4 *THE TELECINEMA*
5 *THE SHOT TOWER*
6 *SPORT PAVILION*
7 *TELEVISION PAVILION*

The Colonel builds the British story

by D. H. INGHAM

The discoveries of the past, the wonders of the present: it's all taking shape on the Exhibition site

"WE'LL OPEN ON TIME," says Colonel Leonard Adlard, looking around the buildings, scaffolding and girders which will grow into the South Bank Exhibition of the Festival of Britain, 1951. Adlard is the resident engineer.

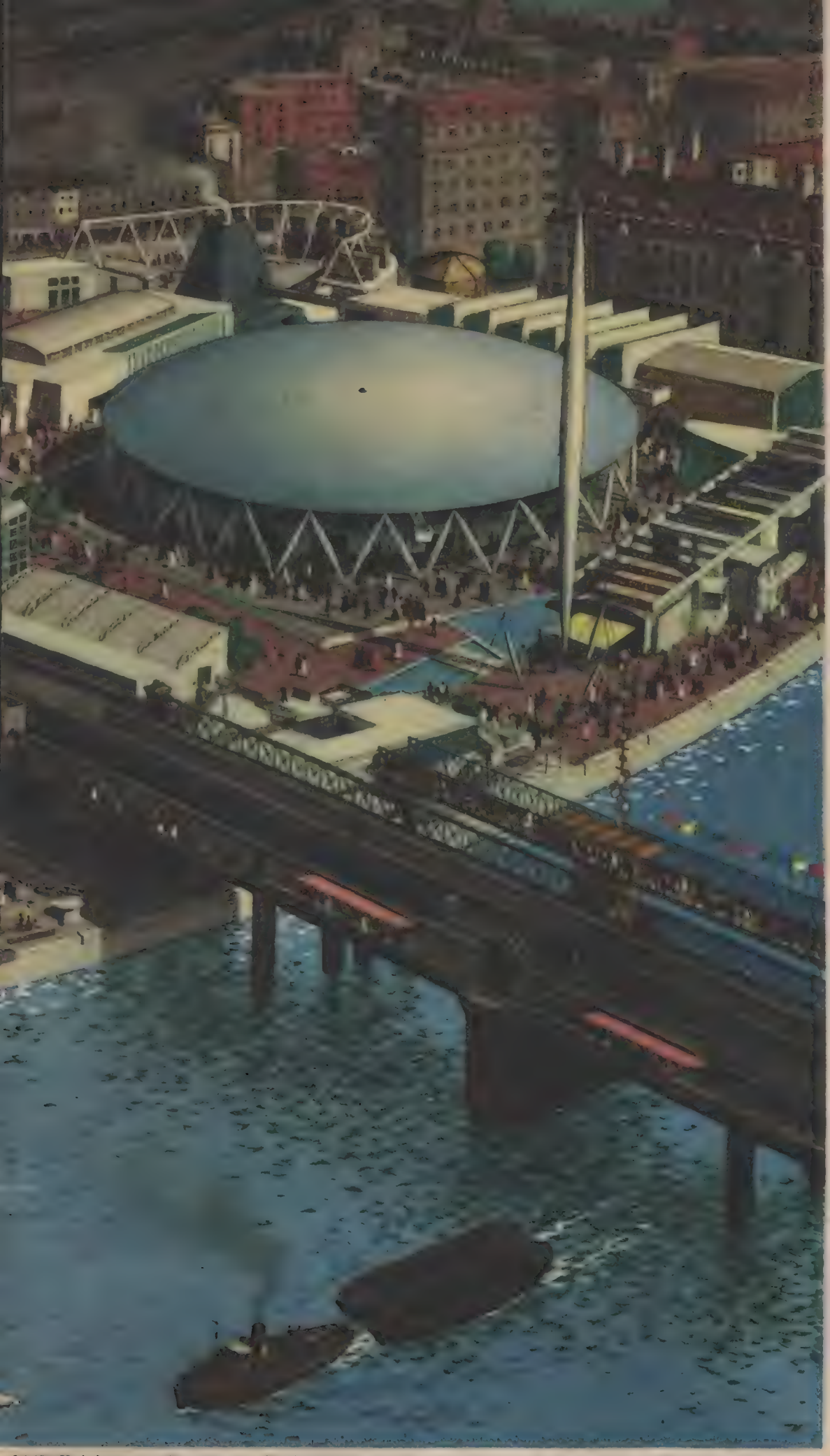
If Britain's biggest show *is* quite ready on its D-Day—May 1 next year—it will probably be the first prestige exhibition ever staged by a nation to boost itself that has kept to schedule. Usually, on the opening day, the carpenters are still banging and the plaster is wet.

Colonel Adlard, however, is the sort of man who keeps his word. When a road was needed across the bed of the River Indus, Adlard invented a form of wire netting which was laid down so that heavy vehicles could cross. The toughest assignment this leathery, fifty-seven year old Canadian has previously had in his long and successful engineering history was building ten 1,000-bed hospitals. "But even that was easier," he says, "than building the South Bank Exhibition in time."

The tight little site on which Adlard and his men are working—bounded by Waterloo Bridge, Waterloo Station, County Hall and the River Thames—was the only position available in Central London for the show, and it has presented the colonel with certain unscheduled difficulties and surprises. One of his problems, for example, was what to do about a public pathway, running through the site, which is protected by common law from any effort to close it. The colonel soon found an answer: the pathway is to be elevated on to a bridge, thus by-passing the exhibition and, at the same time, protecting the rights of the public. In the early stages, too, strikes held progress up, but, as the director of architecture, Hugh Casson, said recently: "A good time-and-a-half is now being had by all."

For a while it looked as if unforeseen events might put an end to all hope of a punctual opening. Economy cuts, for instance, meant changes of plan. Accidents occurred. One workman fell into the river and drowned. The steel foreman broke his wrist. The colonel grins about that last. "He didn't break it on the site," he says. "He climbed high around the steelwork here for nine months in perfect safety. Then he broke his wrist playing see-saw with his children. Seems to prove that life is more dangerous at home, doesn't it?"

This hardly seems likely to anyone watching



1951 Exhibition will appear. Each pavilion tells one chapter of the story of British achievement

5 *CHARACTER AND TRADITION*
6 *1851 PAVILION*
ENTRANCE FROM WATERLOO
THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
SEASIDE EXHIBIT
THE LAND OF BRITAIN
15 *COUNTRY PAVILION*
16 *TRANSPORT SECTION*
17 *NATURAL RESOURCES*
18 *DOME OF DISCOVERY*
19 *"SILVER PENCIL"*
20 *POWER AND PRODUCTION*
21 *SEA AND SHIPS*

the steeplejacks scaling the crumbling old shot-tower. On top of it an umbrella-shaped radio telescope will soon take shape, a device which will cause waves of sound made by the crowds to go spinning through space, hit the moon or some other heavenly body, and bounce back to register on a screen.

Colonel Adlard thinks the site is the most exciting place in London today, with all the weird and wonderful pavilions taking shape around him. Most striking of these is the huge round Dome of Discovery. The inverted aluminium saucer, 365 feet in diameter, will be poised on a series of steel spars and a complex web of triangles. Inside, the full story of Britain's pre-eminence in discovering both lands and ideas will be told, ranging from Captain Cook to the latest experiments in nuclear fission. Nearby, a 200-foot silver pencil is suspended forty feet above the ground as a landmark visible for miles around.

Britain Before Man Evolved

The first all-encompassing impression of the future exhibition is a little overwhelming. A closer inspection reveals that this is the first major exhibition ever to tell a story.

If the visitor turns left at the tube exit, the first building he enters is a strange and cavernous one, which is meant to give an impression of how this country looked before men evolved. It is inhabited by dinosaurs. But the next building, in a quick contrast which covers thousands of years in time, holds a highly cultivated present-day farm with real ducks quacking on a real pond and cattle contentedly grazing.

Now the spotlight focuses on a single industry. In a pavilion called "Sea and Ships" the story of shipbuilding is told from rowing-boats to the *Queen Mary*. Models are tested in a special storm tank. The first part of the tour, showing "The Land of Britain," ends here. The second tells the story of "The People of Britain." It makes it clear that the British are a mixture, the product of many invasions and assimilations. It retells the stories of our fights for religious and political freedom.

He Gives The Orders

Colonel Adlard himself looks out of place in his well-cut tweed sports jacket and flannel trousers. It's hard to escape the feeling that he should be in khaki. Everything about him — his bearing, his manner, his moustache, his speech—is that of an Army officer, which, of course, he once was. It is as though he were now on leave and feeling slightly uneasy in mufti. He has a square, rugged, good-looking face, his hair is steel-grey and he wears a close-cropped moustache. His speech is clipped in the manner of one used to giving orders and, on the Festival job, he often keeps giving them from eight in the morning until seven at night. His olive-green jeep, *Violet*, bounds over the rocky foundations, hurrying him from crisis to crisis.

When the Exhibition is built, he plans to buy a caravan and a string of plots throughout the country. Then, he says, he will travel from one to the other, sowing and reaping a succession of crops: potatoes on one, tomatoes on the next, celery next, and so on. While he is doing this, his work on the South Bank will be dismantled, except for the Concert Hall. Then flats and offices will be built on the site. Before then, if some people have had to wait for the architectural equivalent of bread, millions will have had the chance to gorge themselves on cake. THE END

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS SAVED OUR MARRIAGE

Continued from page 7

you do. You will find the causes while you are lying on the couch and then you will be cured."

He asked me a few questions. Had I been breast-fed as a baby? No, I said. When had I left school? At fifteen and a half. Had I passed any examinations? I obtained General Schools. "Not bad at all," he remarked. "You can lie on the couch and take the gas next time. I can fit you in on Monday."

I Start Gas Treatment

My appointment on the Monday was at 5 p.m. As I entered the consulting room for the second time I found I could not take my eyes off the gas apparatus at the head of the divan. I thought to myself: "Well, my lad, you'll be under gas in a few moments. I wonder what the heck will happen to you." The prospect of taking gas terrified me. The last time I had placed a mask over my face and breathed in deep gusts of gas I had been a child of eight. The dentist had said: "I'm going to take out two teeth," but when I came round my mouth was full of blood and he had removed eight.

As I was about to lie down reluctantly on the divan, Dr. Borton said: "Will you remove your shoes, please?" A glance at the foot of the divan showed me why; there were marks on the wall. Some of the marks were fairly high up. I remembered then that Dr. Borton's nephew had told me: "Some patients throw themselves all over the room while under the gas—working off their aggression, or anger, you know!" I took off my shoes.

I lay on the divan. Dr. Borton sat on a chair pulled up close to it; during later consultations he would sit on the far side of the room. I warned him that I felt pretty violent. I had a whole lot of unreleased anger in me at that time and I feared that under the gas I might hit out. But Dr. Borton said quietly: "Don't worry. I can protect myself. Now relax."

I tried but failed. Then he said something else which gave me such a jolt that for a moment I forgot my fears. "You're obviously a homosexual type." I was appalled by this remark: it was only later that I fully appreciated that his words applied to my subconscious and not my conscious feelings.

"Now take the gas," he said, and handed me the small mask attached to a gas cylinder by a thick, red rubber tube. I took the gas. My first feeling was one of terror. But it was something not to be numbed. Under the gas I *felt* for the first time for months. Still under the gas, I sensed a spark of courage and of confidence. For a second I felt peace of mind and I was my old self again.

At Last, I Felt Relaxed

I came out of the gas. I was talking incoherently. I was only half-conscious. "Think of your lips," Dr. Borton said. I tried to think of my lips and only in that moment realized how difficult it was to concentrate my thoughts on my lips. I moved one lip against the other. I could *feel* them. "Take a breath and breathe out through your mouth," he said. I did so several times. It was a good feeling.

"That's all for today," he said. Half-dazed, I rose from the divan. I put on my shoes. I stood up. Then a wonderful thing happened. *I felt relaxed.* I felt relaxed and my body was at ease for the first time in many months. I went out into the London night air. I felt fine. I sent up a prayer of thankfulness. Then I dived into the nearest pub and drank half a pint of beer at a gulp. I took my seat in the homeward-bound train with a new-found confidence. I sat back in my seat, relaxed. It was a wonderful feeling. I even dozed.

I visited Dr. Borton next day. During the following six months, I went twice a week; then, for two years once a week. At every session, while I was on the divan under the gas and in my completely relaxed state after emerging from the gas, I did something which I had never knowingly done in my life before—I met my "subconscious."

Importance Of "Homework"

When I arrived for a session, Dr. Borton would greet me with a handshake and ask me how I was. The question was put with the casualness of an ordinary social inquiry, but I sensed that he was at that moment watching me intently. "I'm all right now," I said. "But I've felt like hell sometimes in the last week."

"I hope you did some homework."

I nodded and produced a sheaf of paper covered with a pencilled scrawl. An advantage which the gas method has over other types of psycho-analysis is that the patient himself is able to continue his psycho-analysis between sessions. When doing "homework" I used to lie on my bed at home with a notepad and pencil in my hand; I would breathe — "hyperventilate" is the psycho-analyst's term—as I had done under instruction on the divan. The hyperventilating would release my subconscious thoughts and feelings, which I would put on paper involuntarily or automatically.

During my consultation with Dr. Borton, he would read my notes and if he found among them something significant he would ask me to *feel* that significant memory again while I was on the divan. In this way his time was saved; the period of my psycho-analysis was shortened; and therefore I saved money.

In one lot of "homework," I had written down my feelings when I was first under canvas in the Army and sleeping twelve in a tent. After forty-eight hours under canvas, I went down with rheumatic fever. On the couch, Dr. Borton asked me to *feel* again my feelings as I had lain in the tent. I did so and I was surprised to find myself experiencing disturbing feelings. "You see," Dr. Borton explained, "you had those feelings when sleeping in the tent. Consciously, you were unaware of them. But your sub-conscious desires were too strong to allow you to continue in that circumstance and so your sub-conscious found an escape for you — in rheumatic fever." Then he asked me if I had had any dreams since I had seen him last.

"I had one," I replied. "I meant to write it down. But I forgot. In the dream I was dancing. There were about six couples—or girls only —making a small circle. Two men were dancing together in the centre of the ring. I was sitting out and I noticed one man—I think it was a man—running his fingers down a girl's back in fun. Then one of the two men dancing together leaned over to me and said something about 'Why are they playing with buttons?' and one of the men laughed."

Learning From My Dreams

Dr. Borton asked me if I could interpret the dream for myself. I replied that I supposed my subconscious feelings were having full play while I was asleep. He then gave me a more detailed psychological explanation of the dream. I found that one of the most difficult things to accustom myself to was the psychological language which he used; but gradually I saw my conflicting feelings and the fundamental reasons for them in a new light.

On this occasion, after amplifying my interpretation of my dream, Dr. Borton said: "You're getting on well. Now get down on the couch and let's see what comes up today." I removed my shoes. I lay down on the couch.

"Let your whole body relax and then take the gas."

I lay as limp as I could. I picked up the gas mask, put it over my

"Ruffle your hair a little, dear"

nose and mouth and breathed in until I had sent myself off. On this occasion, as on so many others when I was lying on the couch, I found that the most surprising thing about lying there and being analysed was —myself. Under the gas, I was *dreaming emotions*; in the dream, I *felt* or sensed, rather than thought, a great conflict. In the dream, the conflict appeared clear cut. But, as I regained consciousness, the clarity of the conflict became quickly blurred and I felt enormously disappointed that it did so.

There seemed to be much more substance and meaning to the dream while I was under gas than when I awoke. But gradually, during my sessions on the couch over a period of months, the conflict in the dream seemed to diminish. Sometimes, towards the end of my analysis, as I was on the verge of an awakening, I would find myself thinking: "This is wonderful—I can *feel* all my problems solved."

On this occasion, as I came out of the gas, I realized that I was trying to talk. At first my words were incoherent. Then I recalled that I was trying to relate what I had been dreaming and feeling while I had been unconscious.

"What was the dream?" Dr. Borton asked.

"Religion and sex seemed to be mixed up," I replied. "I can't remember any more but it all seemed so clear in the dream."

"Never mind the dream for now. Think of your lips."

I did so. After a minute, Dr. Borton asked: "What are you thinking of now?"

I Did Not Want To Talk

I seemed to be resisting any thought at all. Certainly, I did not want to say anything aloud. "You must talk," he insisted.

"I can see myself as a child," I began slowly and reluctantly. "I was about ten years of age." I stopped for a second. My own voice surprised me. There was something of a whine about it. Then I found I was going on talking—involuntarily. "I sometimes had to go to visit an old undertaker for my father. I used to take him vegetables. Often in those days I used to dream the same dream. In the dream I was squatting under the table in our living-room. I was frightened of something. In fact, not in the dream, there was a dagger hanging on the wall of our living-room. I liked that dagger a lot, or rather its sheath.

"We had a little girl and her mother staying with us for a time. The mother was a disagreeable woman. The child was about three or four. On day she pulled our cat's tail and hurt it. Badly, I thought as a child of ten. I hated the little girl for that. I hated the mother more for not scolding the child.

"One day, I noticed that the dagger was missing from the wall. I mentioned this to my mother. I thought, and she agreed, that some people to whom we had given a meal when they were hiking through our district must have stolen it. I was sorry to have lost the knife. But in a way I felt a sense of relief. I wondered if it had not been a providential theft. I wondered if its theft might not have stopped me doing something which would have got me into an awful lot of trouble, even as a child. . . ."

I went on talking for quite a while before I heard Dr. Borton say: "All right. That was very good. Now take the gas again." Under the gas I suddenly realized that I was throwing myself about on the couch. I told myself: "I am angry. My body is aggressive. I hope I don't kick hell out of Borton's couch."

But Dr. Borton could not have shared my fears for his couch, because he said nothing to restrain me. From what I have learned of psycho-analysis since, I realize how foolish I was, in my ignorance, to think even for one moment that he would interfere. In those moments on the couch I was doing precisely what he, the analyst, wanted me to do; I was getting rid of some of my aggression — subconscious anger. When my body was still again, he said: "Take the gas once more. But this time take only five breaths."

A Feeling Of Well-being

I counted the deep gusts as I breathed in—one, two, three, four, five. "What are you feeling?" Dr. Borton asked gently.

"I feel my lips more strongly," I replied. "The touch of one on the other is particularly pleasant. I feel a stirring in my stomach."

"Good," he said quietly. "Concentrate on that feeling in your stomach."

I felt nothing in particular for a minute. And then it came—the beginning of a feeling of great well-being; there was a flutter in my stomach and then actual *feeling* moving physically up my body from below my abdomen, through my stomach and my chest to my mouth. It was as though tiny nerves had come alive again in my lips. I also *felt* the muscles in my face moving and relaxing. The skin on my head was no longer tight. I felt a movement of nerve cells in my forehead. I felt fine.

"That will be all for today," Dr. Borton said. "You're coming along well."

"I felt very good in those last few minutes," I remarked.

"That's how you'll always feel when you're well," he said kindly. "The same time next week?" We shook hands and I left. I stepped out into the world with a great feeling that the world was an excellent place to be alive in on this day.

Meeting my subconscious during the period of my psycho-analysis, I was in turn afraid, aghast, amazed and amused—in that order—at my own thoughts and feelings. But as I came to know, and fully appreciate, *why* I had certain feelings I ceased to be afraid of them. And when I ceased to be afraid I knew peace of mind. And with peace of mind came content and happiness.

Tangle Of Love And Hate

Neurotics are extremely varied in their basic symptoms. One patient may be subconsciously in love with his mother, or a woman with her father. Another may have a deep subconscious hate of a sister or cousin which prevents his living a normally happy life with his wife. One patient who went to my psycho-analyst was dumb, literally. But when he had finished his treatment he said: "Actually there was never anything wrong with me, you know!"

On the psycho-analyst's couch *the patient himself* gets rid of his neurosis. When I told Dr. Borton what I was thinking or feeling, I was completely relaxed in mind and body on the couch; my thoughts and feelings were therefore of my subconscious, the thoughts and feelings which were in conflict with my conscious thoughts and feelings—and everyday actions. Much of what I said I felt to be irrelevant or unimportant. But all my remarks showed

CHRISTOPHER STONE SAYS

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the psycho-analyst something of myself. And on the divan I was able to rid myself gradually of the long-repressed subconscious thoughts, feelings and experiences which had retarded and perverted my emotional development.

On various occasions as I emerged from the gas, I found myself re-living my childhood fears, jealousies and joys as though they were fears I had still: my childhood fear of death; of the dark; of gangs of boys holding hands and rushing across the playground; of a boy who jeered at me because I had only one suit and it was Speech Day; of my jealousy when a girl cousin of mine went out with my mother and aunt when I had to be at school.

Re-living My Failures

One afternoon, under the gas, I began to experience a great upsurge of feeling and a desire to stand on my head. Suddenly I found I was flinging myself off the couch and I landed on the floor with a bump. As I lay there, Dr. Borton asked me what I was thinking. I said that I was experiencing again a long jump which I had muffed before a crowd of my schoolmates and their parents; I again felt the enormous embarrassment which I had experienced on that occasion as a child.

Once, on the divan, I felt an irresistible desire to turn head over heels—an action which had always made me so dizzy since I had been about nine years old that I had never since been able to do it properly. But now I turned head over heels several times on the couch and felt an enormous exhilaration. But the majority of the feelings and movements of my body as I relaxed on Dr. Borton's couch were more fundamental and usually they were expressions of sexual feelings. On other occasions while being analysed, my arms and my legs would "take over." Abandoning myself involuntarily to whatever they wanted to do, I was astonished to find that my limbs were moving as in a primitive Negro dance.

I have already mentioned that Dr. Borton had quickly diagnosed my case as "homosexual." In case some readers may assume that they are reading an article written by a pervert, I will explain that the psycho-analyst used the term as applying to my *subconscious* desires—desires of which I was unaware and of which I remained unconvinced until I had lain on the couch during several consultations. I was at first aghast and later merely astonished at the desires which were revealed by the things I did and said when I took the gas.

My Feelings Grow Normal

But as the treatment went on, these strange feelings occurred less frequently, being replaced by normal feelings and the picturing of ordinary love scenes, sometimes with an imaginary girl; sometimes with a girl of my acquaintance in the past; and more and more frequently with my wife.

In the case of the acquaintance, the feeling was usually one with passion — which became stronger at every session—predominating. In the case of my wife, with a mixture of passion and feelings of great tenderness for her. Later, as I lay on the couch, I saw pictures—or "fantasies," as the psycho-analysts call them—of rippling water of all the colours of the rainbow, of a rainbow in the sky, of yachts with sails of different colours. Thus I came to feel completely normal desires and to feel with my wife at first less tension and, finally, constant feelings of love and tenderness.

For a time I was happy with her. She told me I had changed, that "you have grown up." There was a laugh in her voice as she said it. But one day we had another quarrel, and she said: "Yes, you have grown up. But I'm not sure that I like it."

I felt happy and well, but it gradually became apparent to me that my wife felt neither. As I said in the beginning, my wife was ill when our marriage first went seriously wrong. She appeared to have made a quick recovery. But now it was obvious that it had been only a temporary affair; *she* still had her neurosis.

It is an unfortunate thing that neurotics attract each other as marriage partners. Certain types of neuroses, though possessed by both the husband and the wife, may not threaten the marriage; but other types certainly do, as in our case. I would have liked my wife to receive private treatment such I had had. But my own treatment, which I received over a period of two and a half years, had cost four hundred guineas—at three guineas a consultation. We had no money left for further private treatment.

Hospital For Neurotics

I felt very badly about that, but I had to console myself with the thought that by receiving private treatment instead of going to hospital I had been able to continue my work without a single spell of sick leave. But in my wife's case it would have to be hospital treatment. The problem was: which hospital? I had already discovered in my own case that the average general practitioner is completely ignorant of modern psychological treatment and is certainly not competent to recommend an individual psycho-analyst, let alone a psychological hospital.

I got in touch again with Dr. Borton. And he recommended a hospital which is unique even in psychological circles. It is situated near London. Patients live in an hotel atmosphere. In fact, the place was previously a luxury hotel.

The men and women patients, ranging in age from fifteen to fifty and more, mix as freely as they would in an hotel. They chat together in the lounge, eat together in the restaurant, go out together or

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—IN NEXT WEEK'S JOHN BULL

on their own to the local pubs, cinemas and other places of entertainment. Many of the patients go home at the weekends; my wife did. The patients organize their own committees and social affairs.

The types of treatment vary. They include deep psycho-analysis—which explains why some of the patients have been resident for two years and more; electrical shock treatment; long-sleep treatment; and psychiatry. The cost, which includes treatment, board and lodging, is nominally sixteen guineas a week; but there is a sliding scale and patients pay according to income.

Learning From Her Dreams

My wife was given both psycho-analytical and psycho-therapeutic treatment. From the first week, she was given four consultations weekly. Here is her account of her treatment:

"The first time I saw my doctor at the hospital, I sat with him and gave him details about my home life, my husband and children. I told him what I thought had led up to my illness. I also answered intimate questions concerning my sex life. The next time I lay on a couch with a pillow under my head. I said anything that came into my head, however irrelevant it might seem. I told the doctor my dreams of the past few nights and he interpreted them for me.

"I found that I talked mostly of sex, especially the conflict of sex and religion. I am a Catholic and so the question of the use of contraceptives naturally worried me. The doctor told me that on this problem I realized that there was no way out and, as a result, I felt resentment against my husband. He also told me that one reason why I had not made a success of my married life was that subconsciously I resented having been born a woman. I was therefore jealous of my husband.

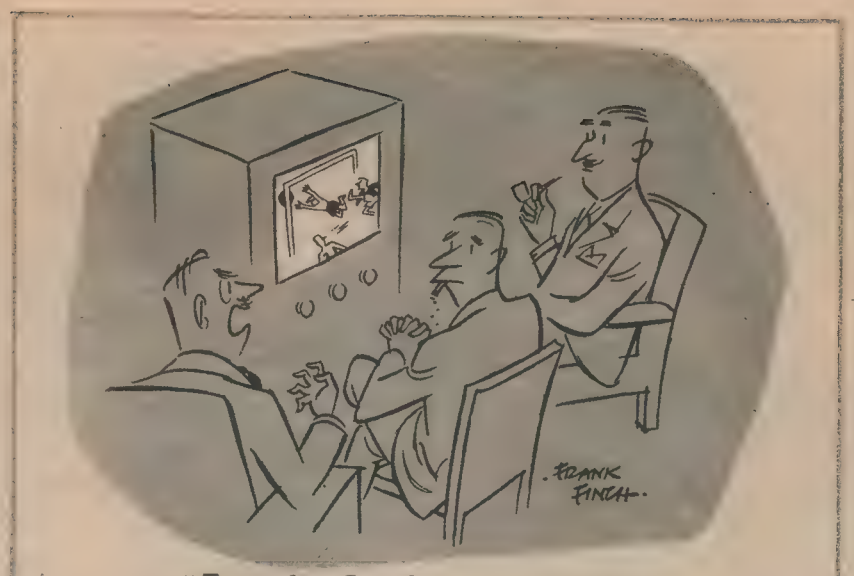
"As a result of my treatment, I feel a more reasonable person. Instead of feeling befogged in my thoughts and emotions, I now know myself and understand my husband better. At one time during my illness I hated my husband and children. But during my treatment memories of my mother beating me when I was a child came back strongly. The doctor explained that those beatings had made me, during a period of strain in my married life, hate my husband."

That is my wife's account of her treatment, as she told it to me. It is briefer and less detailed than mine. But it is apparent that we both possessed, as part of our natures, confused sex feelings; I had subconscious inverted feelings and she resented being born a woman. Treatment enabled us to understand this and to develop our natural feelings for each other.

All Tension Has Gone

Nowadays, if we feel out-of-sorts, we don't blame each other for imaginary slights or wrongs; we don't make rows over trifles. We realize that our passing resentments and feelings of restlessness and bad temper are due to causes within ourselves. We have ceased to feel tension in each other's company, which we enjoy in every way.

More important—because we are now more stable persons we are able to provide a surer, warmer and loving background for our children. Our suffering is forgotten as the kids dash in from school and say: "Mummy and daddy, you always look so happy!" THE END



"From where I am he was a yard offside"

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY

Continued from page 14

along. Wooskey was airing his sadistic streak by keeping them in suspense.

No, damn it, there was no letter from the Dowager anything. O'Rafferty had pitched in with ten bob, Bert had squeezed out a whole quid, and a Mrs. Figgis had sent him half a crown in stamps. But the Dowager Duchess of Penwhistle had contributed not a brass farthing, not the smell of an oil rag!

He snatched up the telephone, got through to Her Ladyship's secretary, and made an appointment.

The Duchess looked a frightening old dragon with a brassy face and a heart of gold, an almost novelettish duchess. But when she saw Wooskey she glared at him just long enough for his thoroughly insignificant presence to register and then shouted in a voice that shook her french windows: "Yvonne! The police!"

The frightened secretary put her face round the great door.

"Your Ladyship——"

"The police, woman! Quickly. I'll have this imposter charged. What this country is coming to I really cannot imagine!"

"But I called about your letter——"

"I sent you no letter, you petty criminal. I'll teach you to wear the cloth to conceal your knavish heart! Cheating the poor, robbing sacred charity. . . ." The Duchess had a fine pair of lungs and an excellent vocabulary of a kind, and she could have kept this up indefinitely but for the sudden entry of P.C. Lumphrey, who was proceeding on his beat past her ducal doors at that precise moment.

"Seize him, officer! Handcuff him. He is a rogue and an imposter."

P.C. Lumphrey shook his head sagely. "I know this gentleman. Used to pound the pavement in his manor—remember, sir? This is the Reverend Ernest Wooskey, ma'am."

The Duchess glared at him. "There has been a terrible mistake," she said.

The explanation was simple. A fortnight before this occurrence, a bland clerical gentleman had called on Her Ladyship. He was, he said, the Reverend Ernest Wooskey. He sketched in masterly fashion the plight of the poor, dear children who had no hope of a holiday by the health-giving ocean unless the Duchess and a few charitable ladies like her came across rather heavily. He had coaxed, flattered, wheedled, and departed with a cash cheque for fifty guineas and a great deal of kudos.

This character was Nutty Small, a con man of some reputation. Unfortunately he was not known to the police, thanks to an astute intuition as to the exact moment at which to fade from a given landscape, and so all they had to go on was his description, given them by the Duchess and corroborated later by a score of other good folk who had, in all, contributed £200 or more to the personal well-being of Nutty Small. . . .

That afternoon Wooskey was not fit to be spoken to. He paced up and down his study, hands twitching to get at the man who had impersonated him.

He had calmed down a little by teatime. Some facts had struck him. For instance, why had the man chosen to impersonate him, and not some other cleric?

Probably because the name Wooskey came most easily to his tongue and because he knew Eastfield and the Outing Fund. There seemed to be a link between Eastfield and the bogus Wooskey.

It was at this point that the clergyman noticed Bert Strowther ambling into view outside, at the shafts of his fruit-laden barrow. Wooksey called to him.

It didn't take Bert long to review the situation.

"Nutty Small," he said. "He's the geezer you want to lay your hooks on. Nutty's your man, I'll lay a quid on that any day of the week!"

"Where can I find him?"

Bert studied the ceiling.

"Listen," he said, "it's like this. I might be able to find him, on the other hand I might not. But as to whether I tries or not depends on you. I don't hold with sending blokes to jail. I been in stir and you ain't. I don't hold with stir, on general principles."

"I see what you mean, Bert."

Bert nodded: "Now if you was to convince this Nutty Small to give the boodle back, or better still, pitch it in the old funds, well, that would be another thing!" And Bert, who had once been a Boy Scout and been taught to box by Wooskey, put a gentle emphasis on the word "convince," adding, "Of course, I don't know as Nutty is an easy bloke to convince!"

With those terms Wooskey had to be content. He needed patience now.

Two nights later a voice, hoarse with shouting the merits of lovely apples, spoke to Wooskey on the telephone. "Nutty Small's in the saloon bar of the Eastfield Arms—and you don't know who told you, get it?"

The line went dead.

Ten minutes later the patrons of the Eastfield Arms were laying bets on the two gents in dog-collars who fought (with no holds barred) until the smooth, ruddy-featured Mr. Small was knocked senseless. It took Wooskey seven and a half minutes by Dick Nelson's stop-watch to win on a k.o., and after he had finished he shook himself like a very pleased terrier indeed and borrowed O'Rafferty's back room.

"Right," said Mr. Small, when reason returned to him. "It's a fair cop, go and fetch the busies."

"I promised not to," Wooskey told him.

They looked at each other for some time without speaking. Then Wooskey started. "Now I look at it like this, Nutty. If you've collected two hundred pounds for my children's outing, that's fine—if the money goes to my children's outing. I can let the good people who donated the money know that fact and nothing is wrong that a little repentence won't fix."

This, thought Nutty, is going too far. I'll do a stretch or two with pleasure, but I'm not parting up with the lolly—goes against the grain!

"Supposing I'm a dirty cheat like what you said, sir. And supposing I won't part up. What do we do then?"

Wooskey actually laughed. "What? Well, you've had a hiding and you take the money. I've promised not to give you up to the police. The kids are the losers—the kids and you, Nutty."

"Me? What do I lose?"

"You," said Wooskey softly, "lose the sight of fifty poor kids at the seaside, Nutty. Have you ever seen fifty kids who just couldn't manage to have a holiday?"

Nutty looked at the ceiling. He was remembering something he had forgotten. How the pavements smell in the hot sun when you are very near to them—only three feet away. Being sent out to play and remembering that Jimmy won't be with you because Jimmy is off to the sea with his family. . . .

Don't be a mug, he said to himself. Nutty, my dear old friend, are you going soft in the noggin?

He was remembering hot sand and buckets and spades and pouring water on castles and splashing in the sea. Once he had done it—it wasn't Wooskey that had collected the money then, it was old man Horne of the Methodists . . . but the sea had been as good!

And before he could stop himself he had unbuttoned his waistcoat and lifted up his false clerical vest and undone the money belt he wore next to his skin and fished out two hundred pounds, in notes, and laid them on the table.

The funny thing was the way he felt free and happy the minute he'd done it. Lord love a duck, he'd always said folks only gave to charity to make themselves feel better—and the joke was, it was true! You did!

Nutty Small reformed in that minute. A week later he was a promising salesman for a certain not-too-savoury hire-purchase company, but, as Wooskey says, miracles don't happen every day. And Wooskey did some miraculous things with those two hundred pounds. THE END

NIGHT EXPRESS

Continued from page 10

knew there would be no trouble until the changeover at Hansrichten, and he was sure there wouldn't be any trouble then. He took a pillow out of his suitcase and eased off his shoes, putting on a pair of felt slippers. Mason was doing the same. The two men saw a lot of travel and they knew how to make themselves comfortable.

THEY were an odd pair to look at. It would have been almost impossible to guess their trade. In physique they were well matched and this would have been the only clue, for the two of them toured the Continental variety halls and cabarets as Mason and Mac.

It was the sort of act where two characters dress identically—in their case in vivid check suits, grey bowlers, canes, spats and red carnations—hook themselves together and go through all sorts of improbable steps. Their piano accordions helped out—Mason was a serious musician when he bothered. The two men had a set of gags that were fireproof in half a dozen languages and they managed to make a bare living. They had just finished a tour in the Berlin cabarets, both sides of the Curtain, and for two years now they had been circulating through Belgium, France, Italy, Austria, Spain. Sometimes they would stay—as in Paris—for a month or so, sometimes they would move twice in the same week.

In character they were very different persons. Ferris was always the moving spirit, the creator. He introduced new routines, took charge of the booking, looked after reservations and travel. Mason was a fool—in his partner's eyes a passenger—but the act was half-way successful and Ferris had never yet wanted to break it up.

There is not much risk in smuggling narcotics over the frontiers of Europe, provided you have a good excuse for travelling around. Mason and Mac had a good excuse.

Ferris now turned a wary eye round the compartment. A youngish frau had established herself in the far corner and with her was a sickly looking young girl who looked at Mason and smiled. Like a fool, Mason said something to the child in German and immediately the mother thawed. Ferris scowled. He did not want any travel intimacies—not where an unthinking slip might mean fifteen years in a German prison.

"A party for her cousin's birthday," Ferris heard the German woman say. "We have been visiting with my brother, you understand. . . ."

For crying out loud! Ferris thought. Can't the fool get his trap shut?

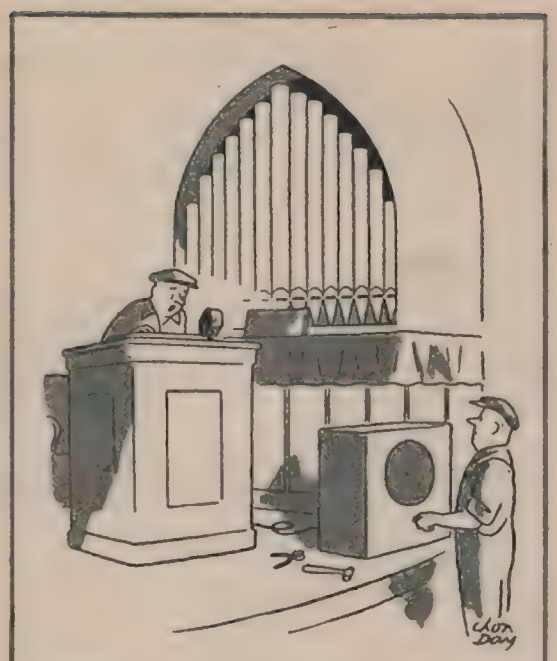
"She eats too much and now she feels sick. But it will pass."

Mason was now making clucking noises of sympathy but Ferris caught his eye with a warning glance. They had work to do. After a while, as casually as he could, he pulled down his case from the rack and, opening it, rummaged through it for a bottle of fruit salts.

He made his way, swaying to the motion of the train, down the corridor to the washroom of the *Wagon-Lits*.

The business had started in a small way with a man Ferris met in a bar in Cologne the previous year, and he had made valuable contacts. In those days the racket was just starting, but now they were set to make something really worth while. Of course, the risks increased with the size of the take. Ferris knew that the frontier police got their results by watching out for people who travelled too often and used the same routes. Anyone could get away with smuggling the first time. The people who cut and came again were the ones that were caught. The chemical factories of the Russian-controlled Eastern Zone produced the stuff and you could get fifty times the prices you bought at if you could deliver to people Ferris knew in Paris.

With the washroom door locked safely behind him, he poured away the salts, then carefully



"Testing . . . better to give than receive . . . testing . . . the meek shall inherit . . ."

filled the bottle from a packet he had under his vest. This done, he poured over the top of the powder a layer of fruit salts that he had kept for the purpose, then he twisted the cap on once more. Back in the compartment, he tossed the bottle carelessly into his suitcase and thought: As much cash in that as I get for two years' work.

Mason was pulling an American cigarette out of a packet. He thumbed it into his mouth and struck a match. His hand shook. Ferris could see his partner's eyes watching him in the light of the match. Mason was scared. Well, the fruit salt bottle was old routine. There was no need for panic now. Ferris nodded to indicate that all was set.

"I'm going to get a little sleep," he said.

"Might as well," Mason agreed. He did not really trust Ferris. He was too clever. Too sharp. He looked after himself first and all the time.

BOTH men were asleep when they reached Hansrichten. A British redcap, a Russian military policeman, and a railway official entered the compartment. The railwayman turned the lights up to look at their papers, passing them on in turn first to the British policeman, then to the Russian. The faces of all three were stolid as they glanced through the papers.

Ferris saw the redcap shoot a look into his face to check whether he squared up with the passport photograph. Then his eyes switched to the case in the rack and Ferris's heart missed a beat. "Do we change trains at the frontier?" he asked quickly.

"Same train all the way to Paris," the redcap said. "Saw you two at the Naafi show. You can certainly handle those squash boxes!"

"Oh, that!" Ferris said. "You should hear the Professor here when he really gets going. See you at Aachen. . . ."

Ferris could see the Russian was suspicious of the talk. He didn't understand English. Ferris had seen some of the prisons in Germany. People still got beaten up, he knew. He was thinking of the pulped faces and bleeding nails. . . . Something at the back of his mind seemed to be warning him of the risks they were taking. Mason had got the wind up and it had infected him, he decided. What was there to worry about?

He dozed off again, uneasily. . . . The train pulling up with a jerk awakened him again and for a while he wondered where he was. Then he saw the German woman looking at him. The child's head was in her lap. He made his way down the corridor to get himself a cup of coffee and it was then he was glad he had spoken a few words with the English military policeman, for the man told him they were just outside Aachen.

"What's cooking?" Ferris asked.

"Some customs check," the redcap yawned. "The civil police have organized a round-up or something."

Ferris swallowed. He tried to make his voice casual. "They're going to search the train?"

"Just a stunt to stop the smuggling. These trains get used by the international gangs to get narcotics through. You've nothing to worry about, chum."

"I thought we'd finished with all that when they vetted us at Hansrichten. Does that mean they'll go through all our bags?"

"You and the professor have nothing to worry about."

Ferris turned back and entered the compartment. He could see the lights of the station ahead and alongside the train was the long German signal-box throwing out a fan of bright light on the track. Mason was awake and talking to the German frau. The child looked as if she would be sick at any minute and Mason said: "Give her a drink of cold water and keep the poor thing's head up."

Ferris tried to catch his eye. If he'd only keep his fat trap shut! he thought savagely. Along the track, in Aachen Station, they would be lining up the search party. These men would be trained at their job. Stuff like cakes of soap, toothpaste tubes, bottles of medicine — routine stuff. If they searched one bag, wouldn't they search the lot? A cold clutch of fear tightened on Ferris. He knew this would be different from a sleepy walk through the train by bored customs officials at a wayside station. *This was it.* . . .

HIS first thought was to throw the bottle out of the window before the train moved into the waiting platform. But the German woman would see that. He began to sweat. At any moment the train might begin to move into the station.

It was then that the little girl began to heave and the mother jumped to reach for a towel. Mason leant forward to help hold the child. Ferris knew then that he had to act by himself —and quickly. He opened his case and groped for the bottle. He had made up his mind now that he would empty the powder down the toilet and get rid of the evidence. They could search as much as they liked then and no one would have anything on him. He brushed roughly against Mason as he stumbled out of the compartment.

The lavatory was empty and he knocked the powder out of the bottle with a hand that shook. It clung to the bottle and he hit it savagely with the palm of his hand. And only just in time; the train began to move before he had finished and when he got back to the compartment his face was beaded with sweat. The child was sitting up now, white as a sheet.

"She must get rid of it," the woman was saying. "After that it will be all right, yes?"

The sliding door of the compartment went back and two men entered the carriage. In pairs, Ferris thought, so that no one can slip a bribe to any of them unseen. •

"*Bitte!*" a German mobile guard said. "No one is allowed to leave the train!" He looked round the compartment, missing nothing. Mason seemed to notice something was wrong for the first time and Ferris shot him a warning look. The police had already begun on Mason's bag. They emptied it on the seat.

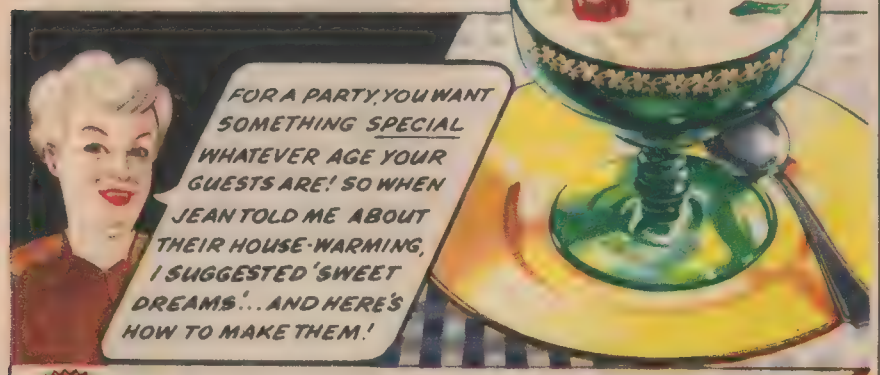
"Everything's under control, old boy," Ferris said with deliberate lightness. "This is a check *and there's nothing to worry about.*"

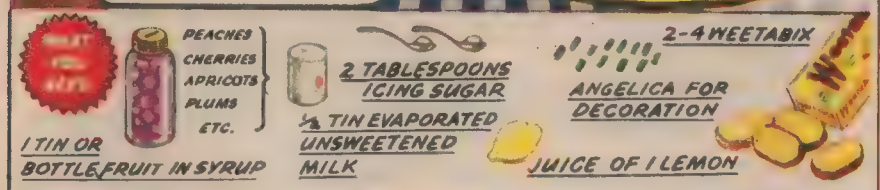
He saw me go out again with the bottle, Ferris told himself. He knows I didn't go for fun. I'll murder him if he doesn't keep his mouth shut.

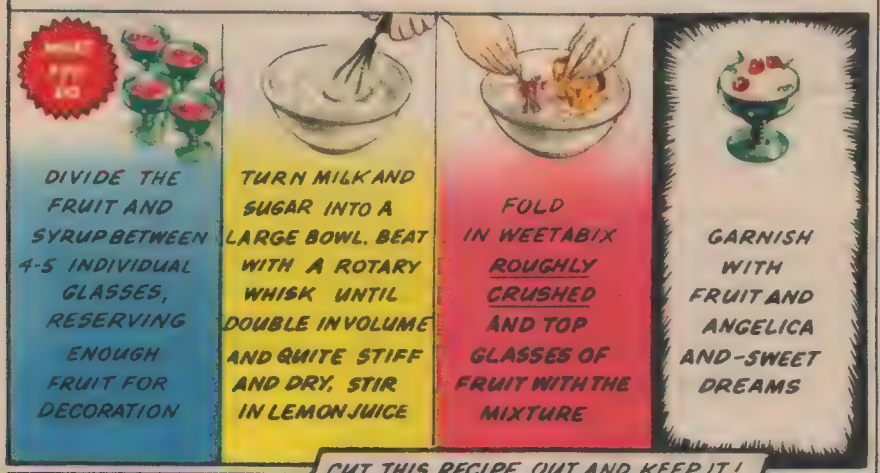
Mason was sitting rigid while the men went through his shirts and cigarettes. They emptied out a tin of coffee on to a newspaper, then

I took "Sweet Dreams" to a party

SAYS MRS. CRISP IN THE WEETABIX CEREAL


FOR A PARTY, YOU WANT SOMETHING SPECIAL WHATEVER AGE YOUR GUESTS ARE! SO WHEN JEAN TOLD ME ABOUT THEIR HOUSE-WARMING, I SUGGESTED 'SWEET DREAMS'... AND HERE'S HOW TO MAKE THEM!

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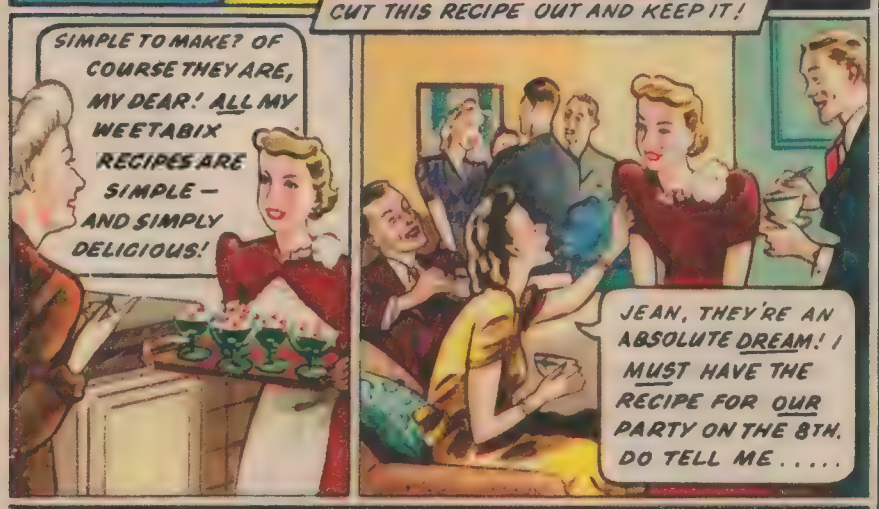
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tipped it back again with brief apologies. It was over. Ferris watched as the men began sympathizing with the frau and her child, nevertheless going through her bags systematically. They missed nothing.

"*Bitte!*" the tall guard said again, and reached for Ferris's case. Ferris's heart was pumping and his throat was tight as they carefully put his underclothes and toilet things on the seat, before examining them one by one, and repacking them in the bag. He had a bar of Naafi soap and this the man speared with a stiletto, top to bottom and end to end. The man was silent, concentrating on his work, and it seemed to Ferris that all eyes were focused on him while the examination went on. His tube of toothpaste was examined at the joints and tossed into the bag. The fruit-salts bottle was inside the jacket of his pyjamas. It slipped as the man picked up the jacket and he saved it from falling with a grab. Ferris forced himself to hold his hands from shaking as he watched.

THE guard saw that the bottle was empty and tossed it into the case and snapped it shut, nodded to his companion, and turned to leave the compartment. A third man on guard at the door passed on before them into the next compartment, and Ferris began to breathe again. But at the door the woman stopped them and spoke rapidly in German.

Then the tall guard turned to him and spoke in English: "The lady here asks if she might use some of your saline medicament for her child who is sick. She thinks it would settle her stomach, yes?"

"Saline?" Ferris echoed. The sudden turn unnerved him. He was cursing Mason. If he hadn't spoken to her would this have happened?

The child on the seat opposite stared at him wanly. "English salts," she said. "I saw the bottle."

Ferris recovered himself. "Fruit salts!" He thought quickly. "Why, certainly——"

"Thank you," the mother said. "You will forgive me that I ask such a thing, but it will help her sickness."

"Travel sometimes upsets the stomach of the young," the guard said. "The English gentleman is very kind."

Ferris said, rather quickly and loudly: "I'm very sorry but I've just taken the last of the bottle. I went along to the washroom just now. I'm so sorry—if I'd known. . . ."

The guard looked at him sharply. "Since the train was stopped?"

Ferris began to sweat. "As a matter of fact—yes." They were all watching him now; hostilely, it seemed. "Is it forbidden to go to the lavatory without permission?"

"Not forbidden," the guard said. "But interesting, perhaps." He moved right back into the compartment and Ferris saw the third man had returned to stand outside the door. He had his hands on the two automatics in his belt. "The bottle again, please."

With a sick feeling in his stomach Ferris stood up, opened the case, and produced the bottle. The guard took it and held it before his face, then turned the bottle upside down to make sure. A few dregs fell against the cap as the guard reversed the bottle. He handed it back to Ferris. "*Bitte,*" he said. On his way out he explained to the frau.

"I am sorry to have troubled him," the mother said.

"That's all right," Ferris told her. He felt lightheaded from relief. He replaced the bottle in the suitcase.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Admit You're Wrong

LOTS of people get themselves into needless difficulties because they find it hard to admit they've been in the wrong. Yet what is there to be ashamed of in admitting mistakes?

The really silly thing is to persist in clinging to the mistake. There is an old verse that is very apt:

"When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long:
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only farthest from his way."

Big-minded people admit their error as soon as they find out they are wrong. It's one way of telling others they are wiser today than they were yesterday.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

The child's lips were trembling. She would be crying soon. She said: "At first the bottle was full."

The guard stopped. "*Full?*"

"I saw it so when the Herr Englishman first took it from his case."

Ferris had a wild impulse to strangle the child. He managed to rake up a shamefaced smile. "I've been dosing myself pretty heavily," he said, desperately; and even as he spoke the words he knew how thin it must sound.

"But, *mein Herr—bitte!* To take all of a bottle of salts!"

"In Berlin," Ferris said from out of a dry mouth. "We'd been celebrating. Our last night—you know how it is, officer. I felt terrible and I went to the washroom. . . ." The feeling of being trapped in a nightmare held Ferris. His palms were sweating. "I went to the washroom twice . . . several times," he said.

"You went to the washroom since the train stopped," the guard recalled. His tone changed. "And when you came in the last time the bottle was empty."

Ferris turned to Mason, whose mouth was agape. "I appeal to my friend here——"

"We shall have some questions to ask him later. I must ask you to come quietly along with us to the major."

HE found himself walking down the corridor, getting off the train. At his heels was the third man, carrying his suitcase. "I demand to see the British Consul," Ferris said. "You've got nothing on me. . . ."

"That we shall see when we have examined the trap."

For a moment he thought that over then he asked: "What trap?" They entered a little office and the guard motioned him to sit down. "When a *Wagon-Lits* carriage approaches a station the application of the brakes closes a trap in all the washrooms. In the interests of hygiene. If you threw anything away it is still in the trap. If you did not, the Herr Major here will apologize to you. *Bitte!*"

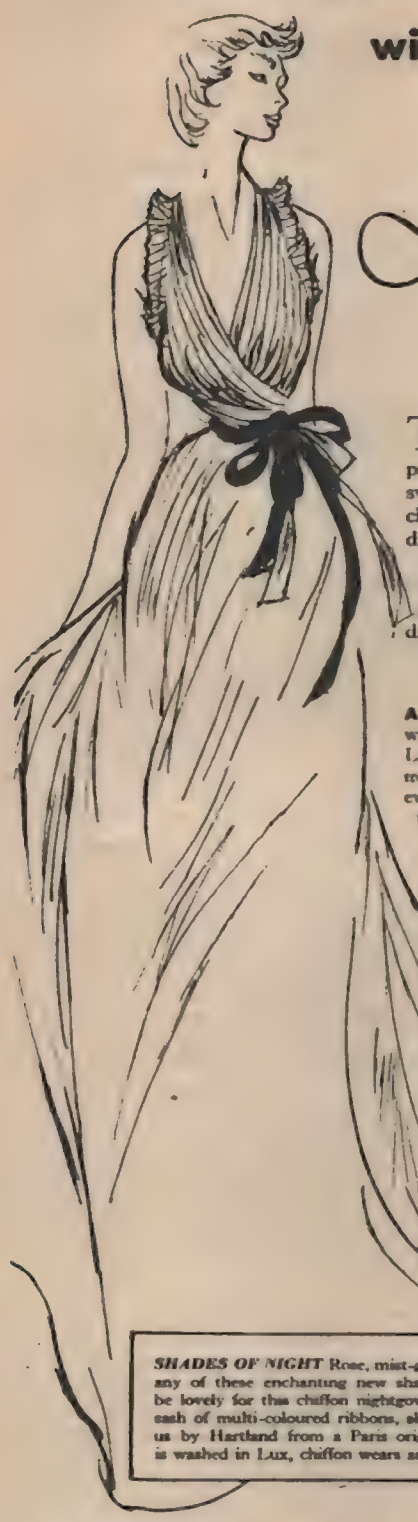
Ferris licked dry lips.

"This way, please," the guard said.

THE END

PARIS REPORT

chiffon nightgown—dreamlike with the Lux look



The latest fancy in Paris, says our fashion reporter, is for chiffon nightgowns—particularly lovely in one of the delicate new sweetpea shades. Cherished material like chiffon deserves the Lux Look. Those tiny diamonds dissolve *instantly*, even in lukewarm water, giving a rich lather that gently eases out dirt, leaving behind no undissolved soap particles to weaken and damage the fibres.

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Lux costs 8d. And for marvellous value try the double-size packet, only 1/3d.

SHADES OF NIGHT Rose, mist-grey, violet, any of these enchanting new shades would be lovely for this chiffon nightgown with its sash of multi-coloured ribbons, sketched for us by Hartland from a Paris original. If it is washed in Lux, chiffon wears and wears.

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In 1960 expanding exports and full employment will call for the enterprise and efficiency of a progressive steel industry just as they do today.

STEEL is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

60

THE EMBRY ESCAPE

Continued from page 19

upon a railway siding. He followed it down to its junction with the main line. Other sidings ran parallel at the point of junction. The rails were ripped up and twisted like champagne wire, the sleepers were splintered and torn from their beds, trucks sprawled across the broken rails or were heaps of debris. But the line with its junction gave him some indicatfon of his position. He had done a round-about-turn and instead of moving directly west had approached the Somme again. [Embry had lost Paul's gilt compass, probably while he was crossing the Somme.]

Though he kept on as closely to his course as possible, the crops impeded him. He struggled on, determined to make the most of his time, but dawn found him very tired. By first light he had picked a hedge for his daytime hiding place and crept to the centre of it.

He left the hedge before midnight and moved off in a north-westerly direction. He was at once in trouble with the crops. The growing corn was becoming an obsession. There seemed no end of it, for field after field was waist-high and saturated with dew. He battled his way through, and towards the early hours of the morning he came upon a village.

It lay in a slight hollow of the ground, sleeping quietly beneath the stars. Then he wondered if indeed it slept or if rather it was like that other which he had passed through, silent in death. The place had the same air of desertion and desolation. The door of one house was open. Boldly he walked up the garden path and went in. He made a swift reconnaissance upstairs and downstairs to make certain he was alone and then began a systematic search for food.

He found nothing at all. There was not even a half bag of potatoes or a morsel of mouldy bread. Even the dust-bin outside the back door was empty. But in a table drawer he discovered half a dozen letters and some postcards and the addresses told him that he was in the village of Sorel. He searched for the place on his map, found it and came to the immediate conclusion that, after all the tribulations of the night, he had moved only three miles.

There was little time left to search elsewhere in the surrounding houses for food, for the sky was growing light once more and he must find cover.

He chose a hedge a little distance from Sorel and crawled in, hungry and, for all his resolution, dispirited. The going was proving very hard.

More High Crops And Mist

He left Sorel as soon as darkness fell. Throughout the day he had seen troop movements and passing vehicles and an occasional patrol car. He had not dared to venture out, but now night had returned once more and he must make the most of it. The mist was across the sky by midnight and his sense of direction became obscured. He found himself faced inevitably again with the high crops. More than once he was in trouble with barbed wire. His progress became very slow.

At two o'clock in the morning he came upon a third village. As in previous instances, it was deserted. This time, he told himself, there *must* be food. His leg was hurting again and he was limping as he entered the first house. The windows were shuttered and it was pitch dark inside. He groped his way around, stumbling against a table and an overturned chair till he touched the mantelpiece. He felt along with his hands and found a box of matches. He struck a light.

The living-room was in utter disorder. The chairs were on their side, the check tablecloth was half off the table, the fender had been dragged away from the grate and the fire-irons lay scattered beside it; even the pictures on the wall were awry. He searched the ground floor, opening every cupboard and peering along every shelf. He found in the scullery a bottle of cider, but there was no sign whatsoever of food. Still striking matches, he went upstairs.

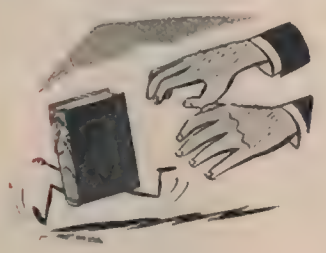
Embry's Double Discovery

The bedrooms were in worse disorder than the rooms below. Bedclothes were crumpled upon the floor, and in the front room the china washing jug was broken. He wondered what sudden alarm had startled this family into such obvious consternation. Then, by the foot of the bed, he saw the socks. They were woollen and grey with a hole in the heel of one and a hole in the toe of the other. When he picked them up they exhaled a very terrible odour, but he knew they were invaluable. He took off his shoes and there was very little need to take off his own socks, because they almost came to pieces in his hands. Then he made his exchange. He passed into the next room. And there he found the nightdress.

It was an affair of flannelette and, though the flickering light of a match was scarcely adequate for the closest examination, it was, he felt sure, none too clean—but certainly cleaner than his own shirt. He stripped off his jacket, flung his shirt into a corner and donned the nightdress. With a little adjustment he felt it did very well. He put on his jacket again and went downstairs. He found from letters in the drawer of a little bureau that he was in the village of Dreuil Hamel. He checked at once with his map. He had gone four miles completely in the wrong direction.

NEXT WEEK: Once again Embry falls into German hands

NOW YOU KNOW



A NEW book can easily be ruined the first time it is opened. As the covers are bent back, there is often an ominous crack which means that the back is permanently broken. The cause of this is that the glue on a mass-produced book is sometimes too thick, so that it sets hard and brittle. As the book is opened, it breaks.

To avoid this, a new book should be held back downwards on a table and the covers allowed to fall flat. Then a few leaves should be taken at a time, the fingers inserted between them and slid down to the back of the book with a gentle pressure. The effect of this is to break the glue section by section. It is the way the old-time craftsmen treated a book when binding was done by hand.

She heard the colonel shouting: "Get down, Julie! For heaven's sake, get down!" And then the obliterating roar of engines drowned all else

THE SCARLET SWORD

The Mission waited for the promised trucks. The raids went on. Now the colonel's mind seemed to be cracking

by H. E. BATES

WITH THE DEATH of Sikander Shah, the officer commanding the Pathans, a change came over the Mission. Father Simpson, secure and exultant in his belief that Sikander Shah had seen the light before he died, fully believed that the officer had ordered trucks for the evacuation of the women and children. He began at once to organize the dyeing of material to make a large red cross to be placed outside the Mission. Indian Air Force planes were still attacking.

Crane, the journalist covering the fighting in Kashmir, was not so confident, and neither was Colonel Mathieson. Sikander Shah seemed to have had little control over his tribesmen. Now that he was dead his guarantees meant nothing.

During the Pathans' night attack on the Mission, the colonel's wife had been murdered, together with Mrs. Maxted—mother of Julie, with whom Crane had fallen in love—and the Mother Superior and another nun. The husband of Dr. Baretta, the Mission's Eurasian woman doctor, had been found dead down a well. And dozens of Indian women and children had been killed in that night of rape and terror. Nurse McAlister, a sharp-tongued Glasgow girl, studying for holy orders, had also been attacked, but had fought off the Pathan.

Father Simpson himself, the younger of two English priests running the Mission, had been savagely beaten up by Pathans when he had escaped from the Mission to find the murdered man in the well. He had been brought back to the Mission, bruised and almost unconscious, by Pir Dil Khan, a friendly young Pathan boy. But he thought little of that now. His mood of ecstatic spirituality that had begun when Sikander Shah gestured for a crucifix, expunged all personal humiliation.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

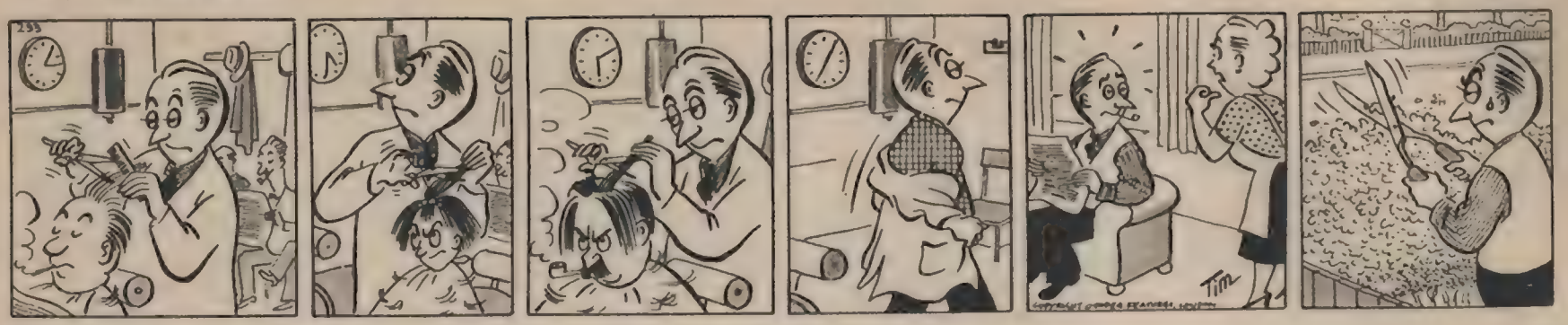
PART 7

Colonel Mathieson

BY noon strips of surgical gauze and blanket, dyed by the women to varying shades of red, were drying under the windows of the smaller ward, where the sun came through. Since both Sikander Shah and Dr. Baretta's husband had to be buried, Father Simpson reasoned, the burial

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



party, which would again consist of the colonel, himself and Crane, could deal with the laying-out of the cross. But in his heart he did not believe these precautions would be necessary. He had great faith in the promise of the trucks. Moments of such rare spirituality as that with Sikander Shah were not transitory; death did not simply extinguish them. The trucks would come.

DURING the morning he went several times to the windows of the two wards to look out, but the trucks did not come. He was not alarmed; these things, Army orders and such things, he thought, take time. "Even in Kashmir," he told the colonel, "there are bound to be a few yards of red tape left over from Delhi," and laughed with cruel distortion of his black-bruised face. The colonel, who was getting more and more worried, could not bear it and walked away to ask Crane if there were not a possibility of finding a drink somewhere. The two of them had spent the morning raising the body of Dr. Baretta's husband from the well. The colonel had the taste of death is his mouth and wanted a drink to get it out. Crane knew nothing of drinks and was worried in turn by Julie Maxted, who had been drugged to sleep by day and then could not sleep at night. She had begun to speak wildly of running away. He felt her nerves had become like the over-delicate filaments of a lamp that had burned too long; they would snap if something did not happen soon.

The colonel, tortured inside himself, his mouth full of the dry evil of blackened and rotting flesh, wandered away and presently met Father Simpson in the corridor again.

"Have you seen Pir Dir Khan?" the priest asked. "The boy."

The colonel blinked tired, sardonic eyes. "Ah, the boy. The soldier with the ramrod."

"I can't find him anywhere. He would be so useful for helping us to pack."

"He went," the colonel said. He was stricken suddenly by the impossible idiocy of the significant word. "Pack? What in hell for?"

"We shall be going," the priest said. "The trucks will be here."

The colonel, thinking it better not to argue about these things, said simply: "He went off in a truck. I saw him. He was a bit miserable—said you and Sikander Shah had ordered him away."

"Yes, certainly we did—certainly—but not like that—not in that way——"

"I want a drink," the colonel said. He had not bothered to shave. What was left of the youth in his face had grown a queer blond crust. Little bloodied tendrils crawled about the yellowed pupils of his eyes. "Surely we've got something somewhere?"

"There's wine—we make that—we have the vines and we have always made it."

"Where?" the colonel said. "Can I get some?"

"I imagine so—it's in the back cellar——"

"Cellar!" The colonel made fresh and weary barks of despair. "We have a cellar? Then why in hell didn't somebody say so?"

"It isn't very large——"

"Nor is the ward," the colonel said. "At least the children could have gone down there. At least they could have sheltered from the raids."

"Well, that may have been so," the priest said. Indulgently he gazed at the colonel's tired face. He was distraught, exhausted, must not be taken too seriously. A glass of wine would help him. "None of them has been hurt and now it doesn't matter. The trucks will come," he said. "They will be here."

He gave the colonel the key of the cellar.

"I know you don't believe it about the trucks. But I do believe it. I can't explain why I believe it but I do believe it. I know it. I am sure." Again he recalled the cross extended to the Moslem lips. That moment of light defeating darkness was utterly sacrosanct; divinely and imperishably secret; a revelation between himself and God. He was not going to explain it; there was no explaining it. He was not going to have it drawn into one of those bantering exchanges with the colonel that he had once endured and suffered so gladly. It was supremely and wonderfully remote from all that. He went on:

"We have been through a lot but there must be an end. You said that yourself. And I tell you I believe the trucks will come. They will come as certainly—as surely———"

"As surely as the Spits," the colonel said. He looked grimly up at the sound of planes whining up from the valley, and then swiftly down at the watch on his wrist. It was almost twelve. "They are getting to be so nice and regular," he said.

The raid lasted fifteen minutes. Spitfires, coming in from the west, made the same mistake as before, turning too sharply, spraying only the eastern side of the hill.

LOOKING out of the window after the planes had whistled away over the river, Father Simpson saw two trucks coming slowly up the hill.

All the concentration of his joy broke in a single word. His bruised cheeks blew up with the tightness of an enormous paper bag. "Glory!" he shouted, and the sound came out of him in an explosive burst.

With Crane and Julie Maxted, he went running through the central ward.

By the time they reached the windows the two trucks had turned under the archway and were halting at the terrace end. The priest, in the glory of this manifestation, wanted to pray. He succeeded only in saying instead, over and over again: "On time, too. On time. On time," as if it were all part of the final fulfilment of a Divine timetable.

Drivers got out of the trucks. There was a sound of back-boards slapping down. The priest was confident and uplifted at the sight, and three nuns, followed by McAlister, came to watch from the windows.

A sudden appearance from the first truck of nearly a dozen officers, with much kit, one or two in khaki drill and with peaked caps, hit Crane like a blow. He did not answer the priest's cry of thankful triumph:

"Officers! They have come to take over! Glory—thanks be—Glory!——"

More officers got out and walked about the gravel.

"One can deal with officers—one can talk," the priest said. He felt his faith in Sikander Shah extend to all officers everywhere. "Now we can negotiate. The trucks will be bound to——"

"The trucks are going back," Crane said.

Caught between overwhelming joy and fear the priest could not speak. He saw a Pathan bearer, stacking rolls of kit, leap out of the path of a truck turning fast across the gravel as it drove away. The light in his soul still burned, but now, suddenly, he felt it terribly and shatteringly dimmed. The second of the trucks drove away. Officers stood about the terrace in fantastic tribal accoutrements made real, here and there, by the touch of peaks and khaki. The priest heard Crane speaking as if from very far away:

"This, unless I am much mistaken," Crane said, "is the new headquarters. Now they'll really have something to shoot at, including us."

THE colonel came out of the cellar at half-past three: not drunk but uplifted, as Father Simpson had been uplifted, by a warm and private elation. Tired out, drowsy with three mugs of convent wine, he had gone to sleep for an hour, to be soothed by a series of dreams in which his wife had never died. When he woke the illusion of the dream persisted. Finally, when he went up out of the cellar, he felt curiously comforted. He was disposed not merely to forget things but almost, warmly and tipsily, to forgive.

He had hardly got up from the cellar, into the corridor of the back kitchen, when the third air-raid of the day began. It came up the valley with a whistling roar, the planes so low that he thought for a moment the leading Spitfire had hit the roof of the smaller ward. He fell instinctively on his face, lying on the corridor floor until some time after the last crack of cannon shell. When he stood up again most of his warmth of soul had gone. He was very angry with himself. He began to reproach himself bitterly for sleeping and boozing in the cellar instead of finding Father Simpson and organizing with him, as he had intended to do, a correct and orderly raid drill for the children. The cellar would hold all of the children and even some of the women, too.

As he stumbled along the corridor he was plunged into a sudden hangover of self-reproach. He could hear a high wailing of Indian women from the little ward. Gradually his bitterness began to come back. But it was not until the door of the ward opened and McAlister, rushing out, the entire starched bust of her uniform spattered dark scarlet, said: "Oh! There you are, Colonel," almost as if reproaching him, too, "the ward's been hit!" that it possessed him completely again. It came over him in a sickening rush of misery. He managed to call after McAlister: "Anyone hurt?" and she called back sharply, almost off-hand, in the second before disappearing towards the larger ward:

"Two children and a woman. One of the Sikhs."

He stood still, alone in the corridor, hitting his forehead with the palms of both hands. After some moments he went into the ward. All its life was clotted at the far end. Huddled women were wailing wretchedly on the floor; the glass of the far window had been smashed. Three nuns were busy with bowls and towels in the far corner, over one of the beds.

He stared at it all for a while, vaguely and

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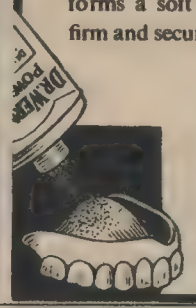

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helplessly, and then McAlister came back with Dr. Baretta, and he said stupidly and helplessly as they went past: "Anything I can do?" and McAlister snapped back, in her tart, thin Scots:

"Everything under control—thank you."

He stayed long enough to hear the ward rent with the first scalding scream of a child as Dr. Baretta bent and touched it on the bed. Then he went out. He did not know what to do. After some moments he blundered, now half-drunk from the impact of wine and sleep and shock, into the washroom. He dashed a little warm water on his face. The basin was splashed and stained scarlet with dye where the women had come to wash their hands and he was hit by the ghastly notion that once more he was staring at blood.

He went out of the room, and at that moment, Crane called him.

"Colonel, where the hell have you been?"

Crane's new reproach, coming so soon after McAlister's to join his own, had the effect on the colonel of a lash. He made a bounding, startling turn, revealing for ten seconds or so a face he had not troubled to dry. Then, without a word of answer, he walked away.

"The colonel must be going off his head," Crane said. He walked a few paces down the corridor. "Colonel! Colonel!" he called. "Colonel——" But the colonel had gone.

SOME moments later the colonel was outside the building, feeling the first rush of relief at being alone. Fresh air, cool on his wet face, made him realize suddenly that he had not dried himself and he walked along, past the room where he and Crane had first slept, wiping his face on his sleeve.

When he stopped this and looked up it was to see the Pathan boy, Pir Dil Khan, coming down from the cabbages where Father Simpson kept his rabbits. The boy now carried not only the ramrod but a full-sized cartridge belt of .303 ammunition slung across his shoulders and in his hand two packets of looted cigarettes.

"For Father," he said. He held out the cigarettes, beaming a yellow-toothed smile. "For priest."

The colonel, waving him away, going past him without a word, was reminded by the cartridge belt of a curious thing. He recalled the rifle he had picked up on the first night of the Pathan raids. He had pitched it into a pile of pine faggots that Father Simpson used for shading young crops in the heat of spring.

Now, remembering the rifle, he stopped. He called and the boy came back, running, anxious to serve.

"Yes, sahib? Yes, sahib?" He beamed again his grubby, yellow-toothed smile.

"The belt," the colonel said.

He lifted it over the boy's head; the boy did not smile.

"All right," the colonel said. "Run away."

The boy did not move. He looked troubled. The colonel swung the cartridge belt over his wrist in a neat and threatening whirl. The boy ducked and the colonel walked away.

Some time later he found the rifle in the pile of pine faggots, where he had left it. It was a little dirty and he spent some time cleaning it, pulling the oil-rag through the barrel with steady thoroughness, putting his eye to the barrel in the sun.

Gradually, without his realizing it, the weapon gave him confidence. He began to feel less badly about himself; his reproaches faded away. It was pleasant simply to sit in the sun, watching the shining veined balls of Father Simpson's cabbages, smelling air and earth and rabbits and the thick, sweetish taste of rifle oil.

He was still sitting there, about twenty feet away from the rabbit hutches, the gun across his knees, rather in the attitude of a man waiting for one of the rabbits to bolt, when Crane came up from the Mission.

"There you are," Crane said. "The boy said

"Who said it was a good film? All we said was 'You mustn't miss it'"

you were—what the hell's the idea of the rifle?"

"Found it," the colonel said.

"Then lose the bloody thing quick."

"I don't want to lose it," the colonel said. "I like it."

"What's been happening to you? Where have you been?" Crane said. "We had this ghastly burial business and you weren't there. Didn't you know Father Simpson's trucks turned up? —full of tribal brass-hats——"

"What trucks?"

"You don't seem to understand," Crane said, "that there has developed a charming situation——"

"What situation?" The colonel held the rifle barrel to his eye and squinted. "Where?" The situation seemed to him much as before. He felt awkward and miserable at heart and everybody was stuck.

"We've all been promoted," Crane said. "We are the new tribal G.H.Q. The big ward is full of red tape and grand opera."

"When did all this happen?" the colonel said.

"Oh, never mind when the bloody thing happened!" Crane said. "It happened. The place is top priority number one and you sit here playing with a rifle—— For God's sake!"

"We are getting on each other's nerves." The colonel put the rifle to his shoulder and took careful aim at distant snows. "The tone of the place is going down. I'm thinking of escaping. Walking to Srinagar or something."

"You're off your head," Crane said.

"That," the colonel said, "would not be at all surprising."

Crane looked at him. "We'd better get inside," he said. "Come on."

"You go."

"Throw the rifle into the bushes and be sensible. Come in before they beat you up like Father Simpson."

"Not coming," the colonel said. "I want to escape." He could have added several things to that, he thought: from myself, from the misery of this afternoon, from too close an acquaintance with death; but there was no way of saying it and he simply grinned instead. "I'll stay here until the next raid. Then I'll have a pot at the Spits."

CRANE was past patience or argument; he turned on the colonel lividly. "It's a pity you didn't think of that one before," he said. "A little protective assistance wouldn't have been out of place this afternoon. Two women wounded. One child killed. But no—the colonel was escaping."

The colonel did not answer; there was no way of answering. He watched Crane walk down the garden path between the cabbages. He sat there for a long time with tears falling with difficulty down his cheeks; the rifle across his knees, all his desolation renewed. He waited until the sun faded pink and orange and at last tender brown on the hills and there was no more chance of another raid. When it was too dark to see much more he hid the rifle and the bandolier among the pine boughs and went back into the Mission, thinking of the child who had died, telling himself there would be another day.

For the next two days he sat with the rifle in the cabbage patch, taking pot-shots at aircraft in the raids. Raids were now more frequent, as many as five or six a day, but the speed of them at low level was so great that he never succeeded in getting more than a single shot at the leading plane. He did not hit anything and once or twice he did not think it mattered very much. The life of the Mission receded; he felt he had no part in it. There was a great coming and going of lorries loaded with troops, of wounded coming in, of tribal officers swaggering operatically and sometimes in khaki, with a sort of fierce correctness, through the central ward. There were many conferences, two or three times a day, into which Father Simpson blundered with fiery and unshaken faith, stubbornly demanding evacuation. The red cross of blankets and gauze grew dusty and dishevelled on the terrace and some of it blew down the hill.

ON the third morning the colonel was sitting in the cabbage patch waiting for the first raid of the day to come over when a jeep, driven by a Pathan officer in khaki, came up the hill. The officer parked the car at the end of the terrace and went into the Mission. The colonel had not slept very much.

He sat looking at the jeep. The officer did not come out of the Mission again, there was still no movement about the hill.

Presently all the colonel's half-serious notions about escape were re-fired. He waited for some moments longer for the officer to come out of the Mission. Nothing happened and presently he stood up. The entire procedure of escape now seemed comically and incredibly simple.

He waited for some moments longer and then walked down the garden to where, on the terrace, the jeep was parked. He was so absorbed and excited that he had forgotten the rifle. He swung it boldly in front of him with both hands.

He got to within twenty yards of the jeep, his whole body so tense with excitement that he could feel the blood beating at the very edges of his vision, when the officer came out of the Mission. The colonel, half-blinded by tension, went on for some moments longer before he realized exactly what had happened. He stopped himself only as the officer got into the jeep and drove away.

Half way down the hill it suddenly occurred to the young peak-capped Pathan that the most extraordinary thing he had seen in several days of fighting was a civilian Englishman advancing with a rifle out of a cabbage patch. He turned the jeep round and went back up the hill. He would report this. . . .

And twenty minutes later, Father Simpson came out of another abortive conference with the officers, flushed, terribly angry, and at the same time anxious. He found Crane.

"The colonel has been seen in the garden with the rifle. It has made them still more hostile. I must talk to him. I must get him in."

He strode crudely past Crane, talking as he went. Partly oblivious, impelled partly by released frustrations, he blurted out:

"This business—this awful business—this awful ghastly impersonal attitude! They have taken no notice of the cross. They have taken no notice of anything—it's getting beyond all reasonable bearing. I can't have it, I can't have it. I can't and won't have it, I tell you!"

"I'll come with you," Crane said.

They went out together by the back entrance, behind the kitchen, the priest walking slightly

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ahead in a trembling combustion of anxieties.

The colonel was sitting on the pile of pine faggots, beyond the rabbit hutches in the sun. He had placed the rifle between his knees, the barrel perpendicular, its point beneath the chin. The effect was startlingly suicidal, the eyes placed so closely above the barrel seemed strangely and lunatically diffused.

"You must come in," the priest said. "Colonel, you must come in. This new set of officers is quite different—they insist."

"Hallo," the colonel said. He lowered the point of the rifle a little, holding it beyond his nose. Its gleaming circular hole gave him the effect of having a third, more watchful eye.

"Come on," Crane said. "They mean it."

"I like it here," the colonel said.

"Please, Colonel," the priest said. "Our only hope of evacuation is doing as we're told. This sort of defiance will get us nowhere. It will simply end in their doing something more ghastly——"

"All be buried in one grave," the colonel said. "Splendid. Cheers."

Neither the priest nor Crane knew what to say. The colonel lowered the point of the rifle towards his chin again, grating the sight with his teeth. Crane felt his blood run cold at this scratch of tooth on metal, his mind frozen by a sudden thought that the colonel was really sitting there waiting for a solitary and opportune moment to blow his brains out.

"Come on," he said. "Be reasonable."

The colonel raised the point of the rifle, creating once again the effect, almost as alarming as that of suicide, of the third and still more watchful eye.

"I'm waiting to see Nanga Parbat," the colonel said. "That's reasonable."

"Look," Crane said. "If you don't come in voluntarily they'll fetch you in. That's all. It's one way or the other."

"I'm happy here."

The priest, terribly disturbed, torn between a desire to let himself go in raging argument and a shaking anxiety not to let his tongue run vainly away into a show of pointless stupidity, could not bear it any longer. He walked away to where the rabbits, squatting on dirty yellowed cabbage leaves, sat crimping their noses, blinking pink eyes behind the wire in the sun.

CRANE stood between the priest and Mathieson. The colonel put the rifle-sight between his teeth, almost biting it. There was a queer sightless sort of lunacy about the eyes for a moment as Crane's shadow fell.

"For God's sake," Crane said. He spoke quietly, with great effort, holding himself in check. "The tension inside is bad enough without your making it worse outside. It's all very well to sit here with your own private escapism. What about the poor devils inside? It's been tough enough for them. I'm going off my own head. What about Father Simpson?"

The colonel did not answer. He was occupied, as always, with rifle-sight and invisible snows.

"Come on," Crane said.

"No."

"I shan't ask you again. It's too bloody silly."

"If they want me they can fetch me," the colonel said.

"Don't yell neutral when they do."

"Fair enough," the colonel said.

Crane walked away. Out of hearing distance of the colonel, he could no longer restrain himself and said to Father Simpson: "He'll probably blow his head off—it's more than likely."

"Oh! no, no, no. Don't speak of such things."

"He's stubborn enough for anything," Crane said, angry and exasperated.

"He's had a very great deal to put up with," the priest said.

"Yes, yes: we know."

"I wouldn't judge him too harshly," the priest said. "Left to himself I think he'll come."

At the back door of the Mission his certainty in that thought seemed to be shaken a little. "Queer how there's been no raid," he said, "so far." He looked up with squinting troubled eyes at the blue autumn empty sky.

"Probably thinking up a Saturday special," Crane said.

In the passage between the kitchen and the cellar, they met Julie Maxted.

"You were supposed to do raid drill," she said to Crane. "You were the man with the watch."

"Oh, Lord!"

"Well, we managed." She smiled; he felt all his anxieties become trivialities. "We can get all the children and the women down in thirty seconds."

"Splendid," the priest said. "Splendid. Where is Father Anstey?"

"He is spotting," she said. "He sits at the window and gives us warning and then I march them down. We've really got it to a system."

"I'll go and find him," the priest said.

ALONE with Crane, in the narrow corridor above the cellar, she pressed her head back for a brief moment against the wall. He saw the soft, dark throat gulp with emotion and then she was kissing him, pressing her body hard against him; holding his head so closely that he could feel the nails cutting through the hairs of his neck. All the pain of the search for some such moment together was fused into unbearably sweet agony.

"I haven't kissed you. I haven't seen you," she said. "Not for so long. There's nowhere I can be with you."

"God," he said.

As she kissed him again, with sheer hunger, desperately, she could feel the distraction in his own responses. She stopped kissing him at last and held her face against his, hungrily and nervously running her hands across his hair. "You're worried. Don't be worried. There's no need—it's all right now."

"It's not that any more," he said.

"Then don't be——"

"It's the colonel," he said. "The Pathans have ordered everyone inside the building. He won't come."

"I understand him," she said. "I understand how he feels."

"Everybody does. The more you understand the less he listens."

"Don't worry—there's no need to worry." He saw her throat flutter once again, a terribly convulsive start of emotion. "Hold me. Let me hold on to you."

"He sits up there with a gun ready to blow his brains out," he said.

As if she had really never heard what he said she kissed him again; his own hunger, frustrated for so long, drew on the warmth of her mouth. She murmured quietly as he held her tightly, as if there were no other way of bearing the pain. And then suddenly she broke away, the murmuring cry sharpened into an incredible gasp of realization at what he had really said.

"You can't let him stay there—that's an awful thing——"

"He justs sits there. He just won't come. We've tried." He shrugged his shoulders; it wasn't like the colonel to be like that; it was that, in a sense, that made it more maddening and more difficult.

"I'll try," she said. "I know how he feels. I feel it myself."

She gave a little gasp of dry pain; she moved away from him and he felt he could not stop her. He simply let her slip out of his hands, with a final

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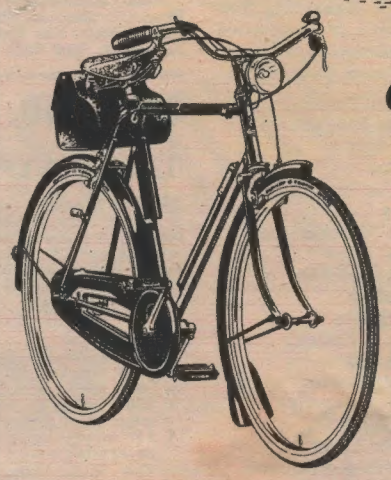

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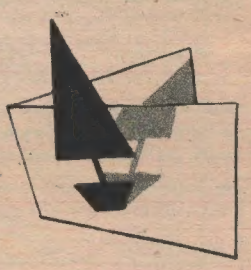

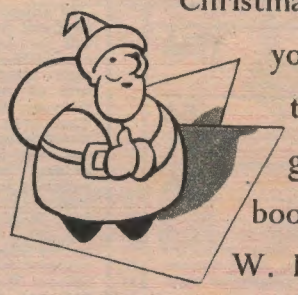

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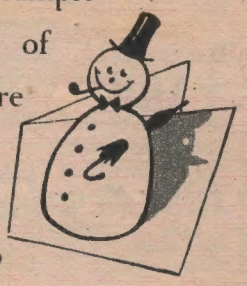

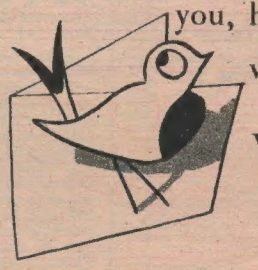

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Across Clues **XWORD 704**

1. Schoolmasters have a reasonably good one
2. Some actors do not mind getting
3. When they fly very high their songs aren't appreciated so much
5. The way racing pigeons are this is an expert's job
7. This is a rather old-fashioned means of communication
12. We'd be foolish to endanger our national economy by spending big sums on these
13. There are kiddies who are this in school sports
14. To have one around in the bedroom at night can be most annoying

Down Clues

1. Good,strong one should be able to convey what is wanted
4. What gold-digger is interested in
6. They can't be beaten when it's raining hard
8. Many a one can be described as belonging to the straight kind
9. There are many that are not made by man
10. Such a horse may possibly fall, particularly in winter
11. Trunk may be very awkward to get into this

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Closing Postmark, **1,752** MON., OCT. 9

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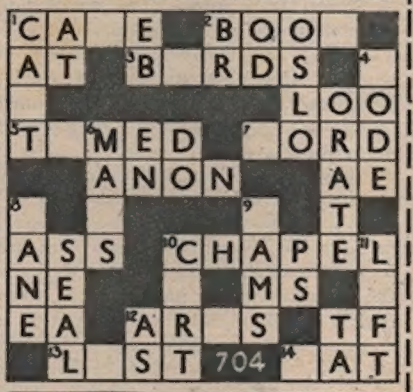
Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **704** Closing Postmark, Monday, October 9

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exquisite sensation of her bare arms, from the shoulder to the tips of her hands, running through his fingers. It was better to let her go, he thought. Her own nerves had been drawing out, finer and finer, thinner and thinner. It was perhaps a good thing for the two of them, the colonel and herself, to be together.

She left him abruptly and went up the path by the cypresses to where, by the rabbit hutches, the colonel was still sitting with the gun between his knees. She remembered the first evening there with Crane, after the death of her mother: how they had taken a rabbit from its cage, how it had lopped among the darkening cabbages, free but not knowing what to do with freedom, not able to run away. She was free now in rather the same way; she had not been out of the Mission since that first time; now there was a strange emptiness in the air.

As she went up the path she broke off a cabbage leaf. The snap of its leaving the stem roused the colonel.

Julie said: "Oh! Colonel Mathieson, you're here. I hadn't the faintest idea. I came to feed the rabbits."

"Thought they didn't let anyone out," he said.

"They just let me run up."

The colonel, she thought, seemed a little defensive and embarrassed at being discovered playing his solitary and inscrutable game on the pine faggots, with the gun. The colonel and she had played a lot of tennis together on the Maxteds' bungalow court across the river; she knew him rather better than the priest or Crane. He played with great gaiety and energy; and in the evenings, after the games were over, she and her mother and he and Mrs. Mathieson would sit in the garden and watch the stars glittering with leaping emerald flashes above the great majestic deodars. He always talked with gaiety and bantering wit, pulling her mother's leg because her father was so often away in Bombay. Her mother, in her fluttering, excitable way, always fell for it, and the colonel made pretentious and public love to her. It amused everyone very much and it did not seem to her that the colonel was at all the sort of man to blow his brains out in a patch of cabbages.

She took one of the rabbits out of the hutch, holding it in her arms, stroking its flattened ears.

The colonel rested the muzzle of the rifle on the upper curve of his neck. It had the effect of lifting his eyes to the sun, revealing them queerly lightless and dilated.

"I'll bet they sent you to fetch me," the colonel said.

"Fetch you—why?"

"There was a young Pathan squirt with a jeep," he said. "I was going to pinch it. He saw me with the rifle."

"That would have been awful fun."

The colonel, who was starting to grate his teeth on the rifle-sight again, stopped and, for the first time, smiled.

"It would rather."

"Where were you going to try and

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make for?" she asked casually. "Srinagar?"

"Hadn't the faintest."

The rabbit struggled in her arms. "Lie still," she said; she put it in her lap, stroking it.

"We could still try it," she said.

"Try what?"

"There's a car down there now." She stood up. "A little truck."

The colonel said, "Good God," and began to stand up, too.

"Sit down," she said. "Hold the rabbit a moment." She was looking straight ahead.

He experienced some difficulty in holding both rabbit and gun at the same time; the rabbit, struggling to escape, needed both hands; and finally he moved the gun from between his knees, for the first time, and laid it against the pine faggots at his side.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"I'm going to have a look-see. She was already walking down the path.

"I'll come with you," he said.

He began to stand up again but she turned swiftly: "No, for goodness sake. They've seen you once and if they see you again—stay here and nurse the rabbit." She hadn't the faintest intention, she thought, of trying to escape; she was simply going to walk down the path and come back again.

She had succeeded, anyway, in getting him to put the rifle down. The notion of the truck was absurd. It had simply been a ruse to distract the colonel from that half-playful, almost hypnotic juggling about with the gun. She would walk as far as the end of the cabbages, and then go back. She would let the colonel nurse the rabbit a little longer and then they could go in.

It was her last thought before she heard the planes roaring at low level up the valley. She remembered thinking that there were more planes than usual.

She turned to run back, thinking of the children, anxious, a little frightened, her thoughts not clear.

"It sounds like two squadrons of the bastards!" the colonel shouted. He had already let the rabbit go and was running down the path.

She turned towards the Mission and began running, too. She heard the colonel shouting: "Get down, Julie! For heaven's sake get down! Get down! Get down!" And then the obliterating, blackening roar of engines destroyed all other sound.

It was that sound, more than fear, that threw her down on her face. Bullets ricocheted off the walls of the Mission. She threw both hands over her head, thinking of Crane, of the rabbits; and then all her thought was obliterated, finally and utterly, by the battering stream of cannon-shell. She had the odd experience of smelling fire. A flame of curiously penetrative exactness flicked through the flesh of her right thigh. It seemed to knock her completely over the hillside, far away from the colonel, who had long since stopped running, far from the rabbits and the still-sustained scream of following planes.

Five minutes later, when Crane came rushing up the garden, it was to find the colonel shattered to the unrecognizable shape, like the pile of women he had seen behind the chapel, of a twisted and bloody heap of discarded laundry. He could not see Julie. There seemed to be nothing living or moving in the garden except two white rabbits. A second had jumped free, seizing its chance to escape, when Julie had left open the door of the hutch. It frightened him far more than the sight of the colonel as it scuttled with ghostly swiftness, in a scrambling white flash, from under the cabbage leaves.

To be concluded next week

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